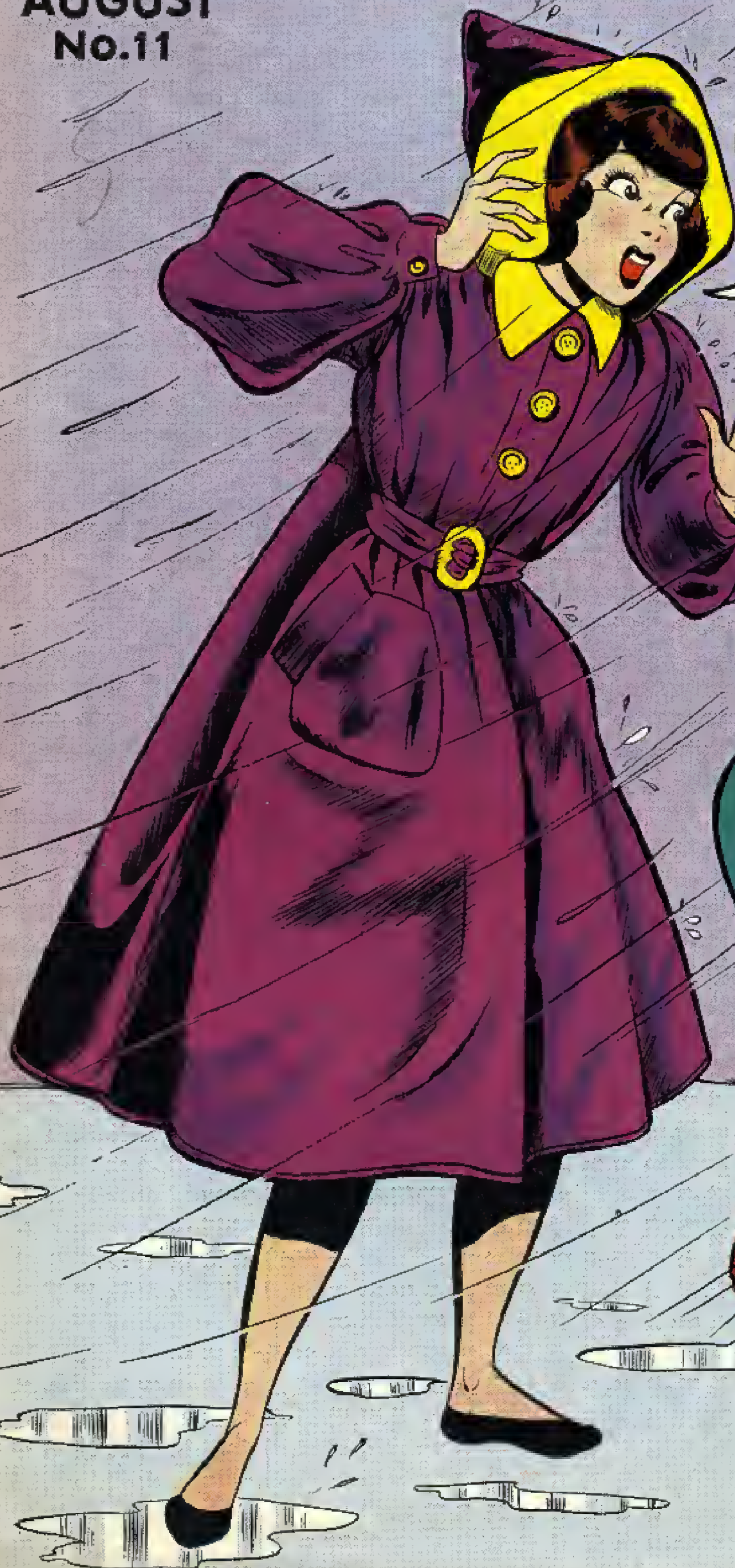


CANDY

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP
I.C.D.
8

AUGUST
No.11

10¢



HURRY,
TED! DO YOU
WANT ME TO
GET MY **NEW**
RAINCOAT
ALL WET?



SHAW

[illegible]

Let's Go, Pal!
I'll prove I can make YOU

an "ALL-AROUND" HE-MAN

FAST—or it won't cost you a cent—
says George F. Jowett—World's Greatest Body Builder

"The Jowett System is the greatest in the world," says R. F. Kelly, Physical Director
Altoona City



Just a Few of the Records of
George F. Jowett

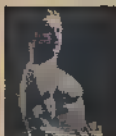
- Whom against all the "Champion of Champions"
- World's weight wrestling champion of 17
- World's weight lifting champion of 19
- Repeated to have the strongest arm in the world
- Fast times winner of the world's most partially developed body plan many, many other world records!

PROVE IT TO YOURSELF IN ONE NIGHT

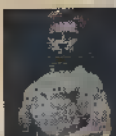
Send only 25c for my 5 day-to-follow, picture-packed course now in 1 complete volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man." Try it for one night! Experience the thrilling strength that seizes through your muscles.

READ WHAT THESE FAMOUS PUPILS SAY ABOUT JOWETT, WHY DON'T YOU FOLLOW IN THEIR FOOTSTEPS!

A. PASSAMONT
Jowett's trained athlete who was named Amateur's first prize-winner for Physical Education.



REX FERRIS
Champion Strength Athlete of South Africa. Says he: "I owe everything to Jowett's method! Look at the chest—this is the result of the Jowett Course!"



10 DAY TRIAL!

Think of it—all five of these famous courses now in one picture-packed volume for only 25c. If you're not delighted with this famous muscle-building guide—if you don't actually FEEL results within ONE WEEK, send it back and your money will be promptly refunded!

Send for Jowett's Photo Book of Famous Strong Men! This amazing book has gained thousands of weeks' legs to muscle power. Packed with photos of muscular men of might and muscle who started pathos weakling then you see, read the thrilling adventures of Jowett's strength that inspired his pupils to follow him, they'll show you the best way to build and muscle. Send for FREE gift book of PHOTOS OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN.

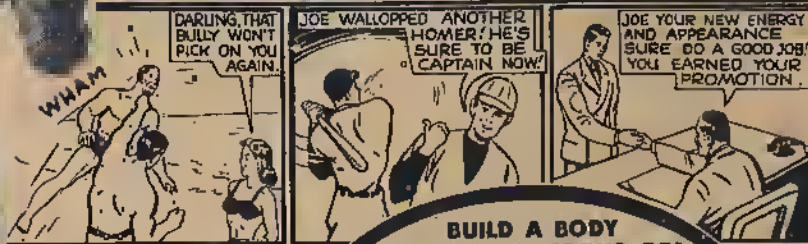
JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE Dept. Q95 230 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 1,

FREE!



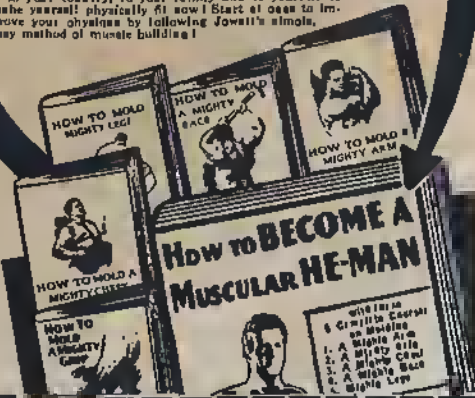
Now ALL 5 FAMOUS JOWETT COURSES

in 1 COMPLETE MUSCLE BUILDING Volume
For only **25c**
PLUS MY PHOTO BOOK OF FAMOUS STRONG MEN FREE!



BUILD A BODY YOU WILL BE PROUD OF!
I am making a drive for thousands of new friends fast—REGARDLESS OF COST!
So Get Now My 5 (Volume of Muscle Building) Courses
All in 1 great complete volume FOR ONLY **25c**

PACKED WITH HOW-TO-DO-IT PICTURES!
At last all 5 of Jowett's, World-Famous Muscle-Building Courses are available in one great complete volume to thousands of readers of this publication at the "best-acquired", extremely low price of only 25c! You owe it to your country, to your family and to yourself to make yourself physically fit now! Start at once to improve your physique by following Jowett's simple, easy method of muscle building!



FREE GIFT COUPON!

Dept. Q-95

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
230 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.
Great Gosh! Please send by return mail, prepaid, FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men, along with all 5 Muscle Building Courses, 1. Molding a Mighty Chest, 2. Molding a Mighty Arm, 3. Molding a Mighty Grip, 4. Molding a Mighty Back, 5. Molding Mighty Legs—Now all in One Volume "How to Become a Muscular He-Man", Enclosed add 25c. NO C.O.D.'s.

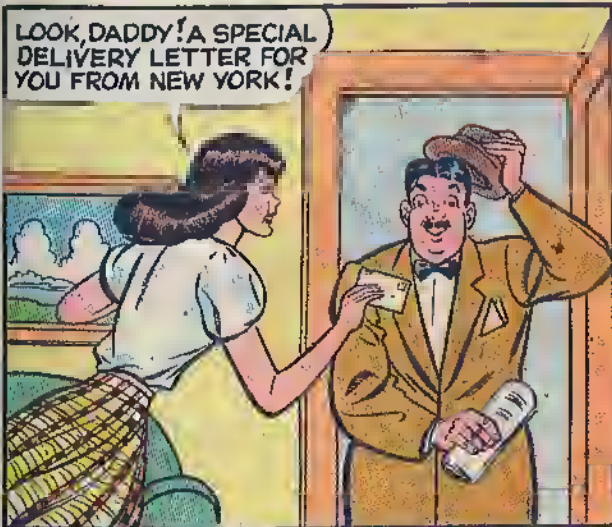
NAME _____ AGE _____
(Please Print Plainly, Include Zone Number)
ADDRESS _____

CANDY

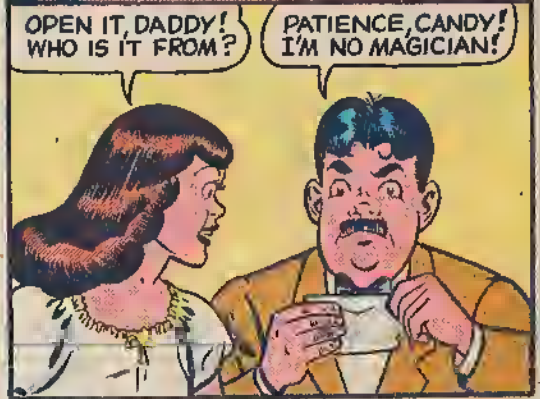


CANDY! THAT TIGER IS A VICIOUS MAN-EATER!!!

AFTER ALL, TED, I'M A WOMAN!



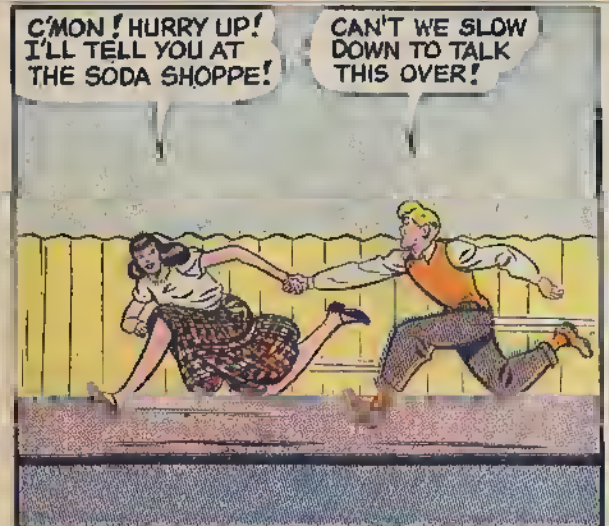
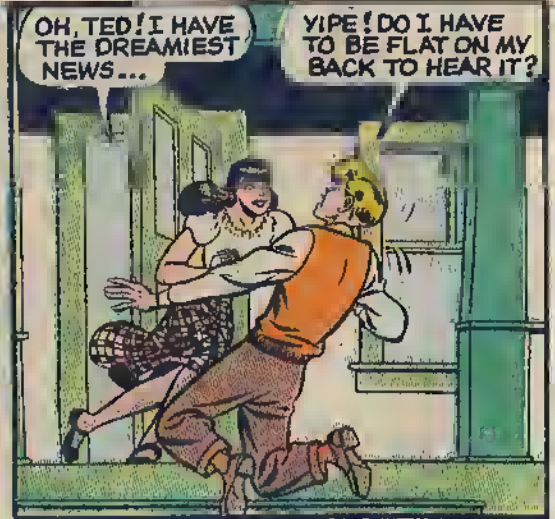
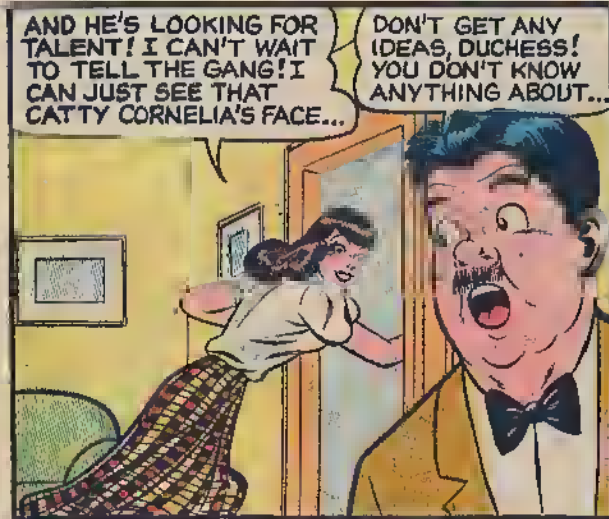
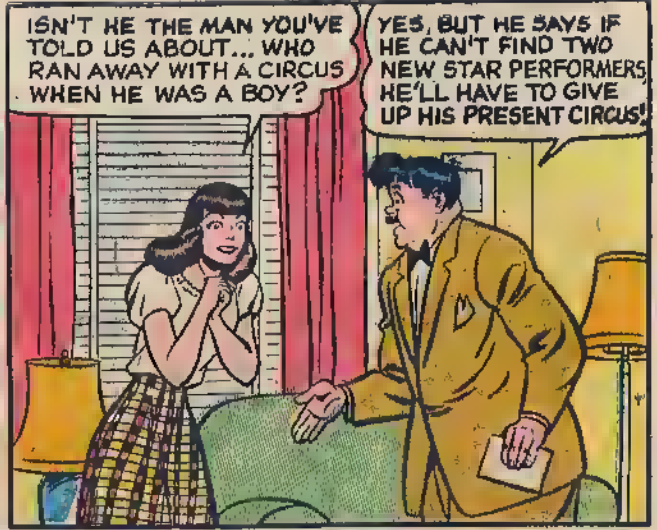
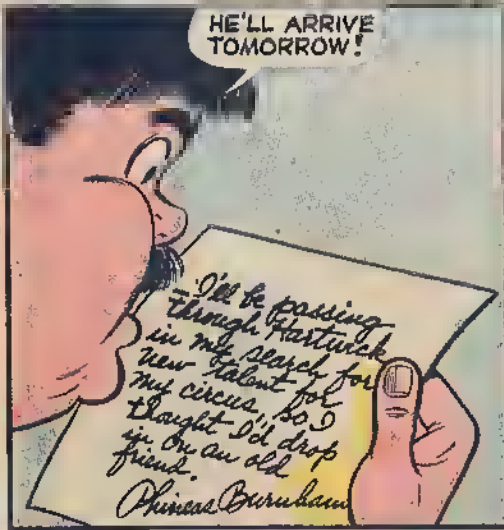
LOOK, DADDY! A SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER FOR YOU FROM NEW YORK!



OPEN IT, DADDY! WHO IS IT FROM?

PATIENCE, CANDY! I'M NO MAGICIAN!

CANDY



... AND HE'S LOOKING FOR NEW TALENT! WOULDN'T IT BE OUT OF THIS WORLD TO WORK IN A CIRCUS THIS SUMMER!

YOU'D BE RIGHT AT HOME IN THE FREAK SHOW!

DOUBLE SCOOP "DELIGHT" CHOCOLATE FUDGE 25¢

50¢

YOU COULDN'T GET INTO THE CIRCUS EVEN IF YOU HAD TWO HEADS!

I'LL HAVE YOU KNOW I'M AN EXPERT EQUESTRIAN, AND WITH MY LOOKS AND FIGURE I'D EASILY GET A JOB IF I WANTED IT!

DON'T MIND CORNELIA CANDY! SHE ALWAYS TURNS GREEN THIS TIME OF YEAR! I THINK IT'S A SWELL IDEA!

I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF MR. BURNHAM MADE ME A FAMOUS TRAPEZE ARTIST!

I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A CLOWN!

YOU'RE MUCH TOO SERIOUS, CUTHBERT ... THAT'D BE MORE TED'S STYLE!

I'M BETTER AT JUGGLING!

HAH! OLD BUTTERFINGERS DAWSON!

MY DOG BLACKIE IS REAL SMART! MAYBE YOUR UNCLE COULD PUT HIM IN THE CIRCUS!

AW, WHO WANTS TO SEE THAT MANGY MUTT OF YOURS, ORVILLE! BESIDES DAWSON'S THE DOG-FACED BOY!

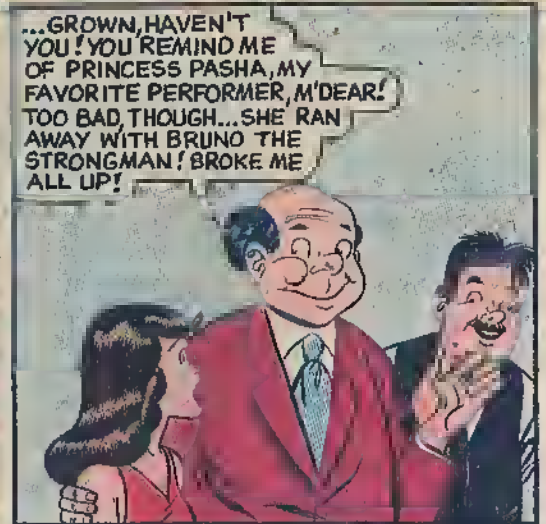
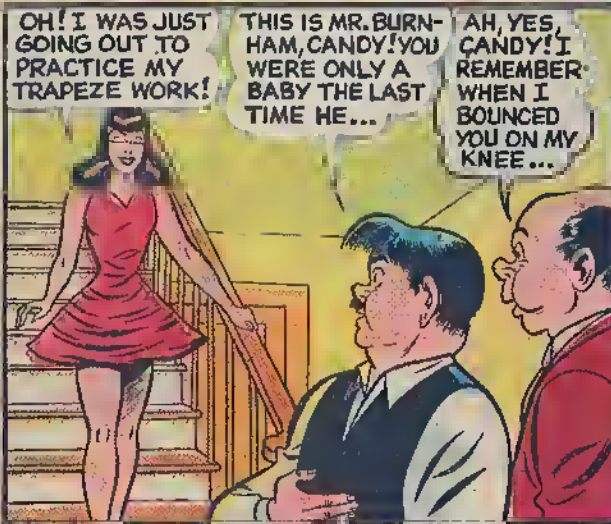
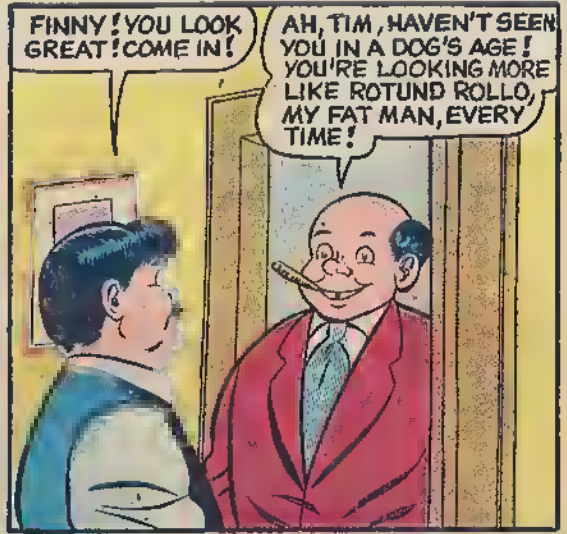
PUT HIM IN WITH THE NYENAS SO THEY'LL REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO LAUGH ABOUT!

LEMME AT THAT JOKER! I'LL ATOMIZE HIM!

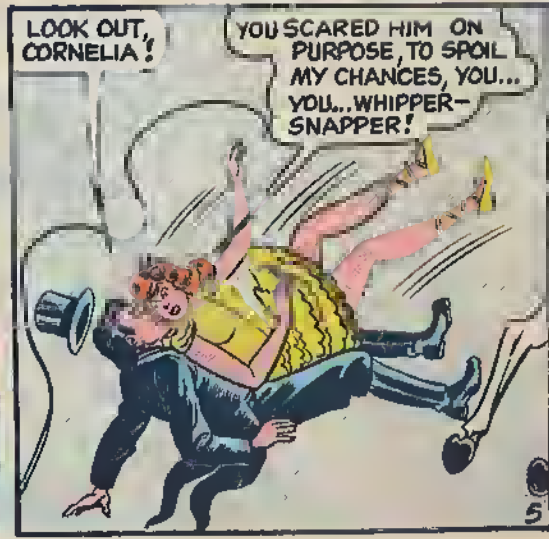
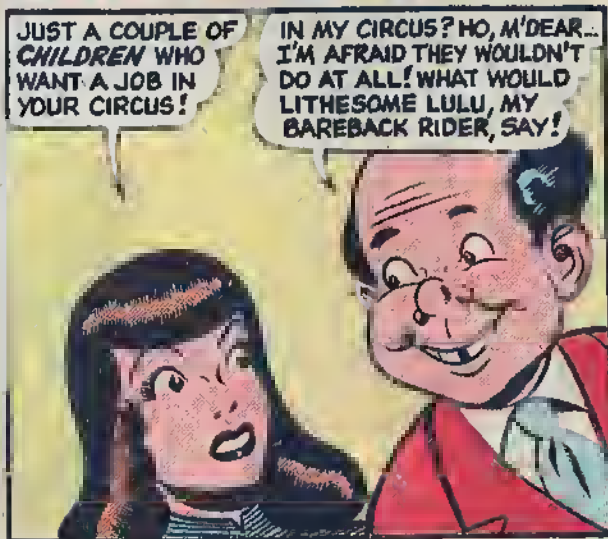
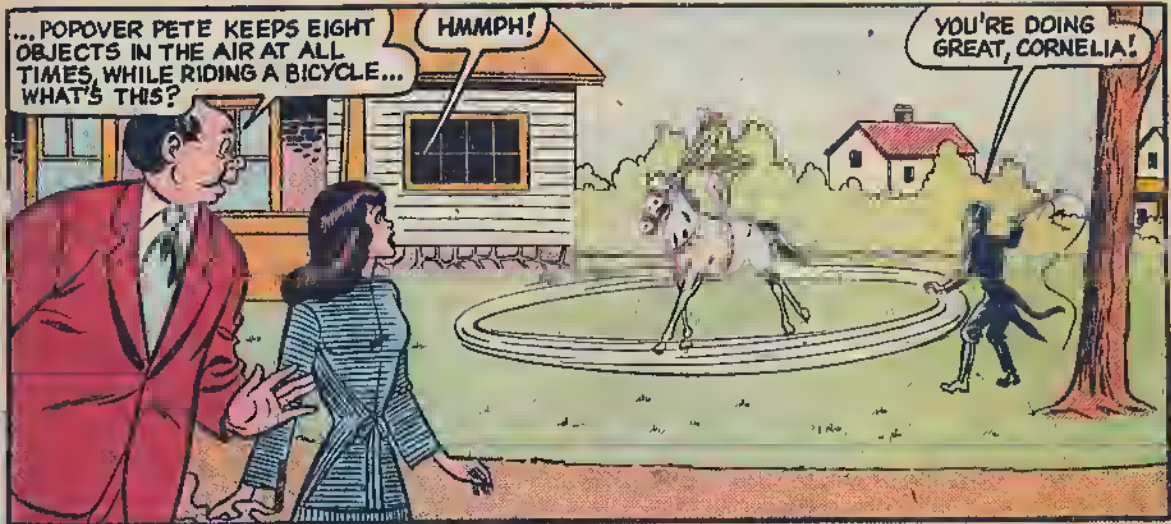
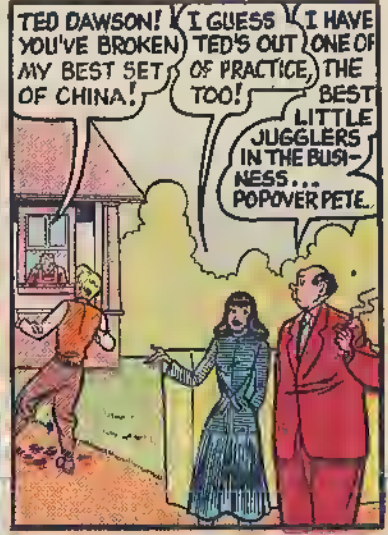
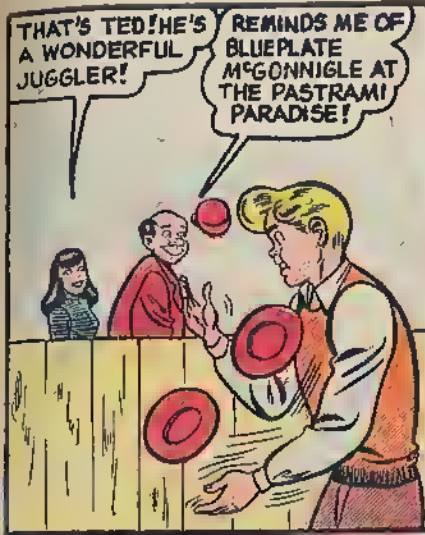
EASY, TED!

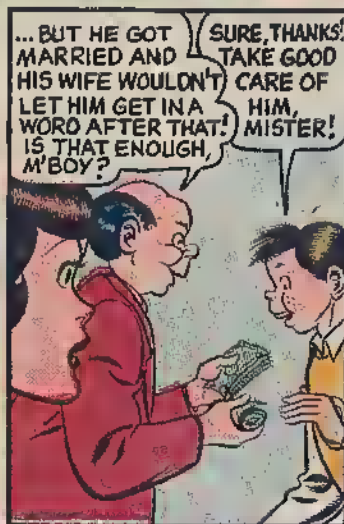
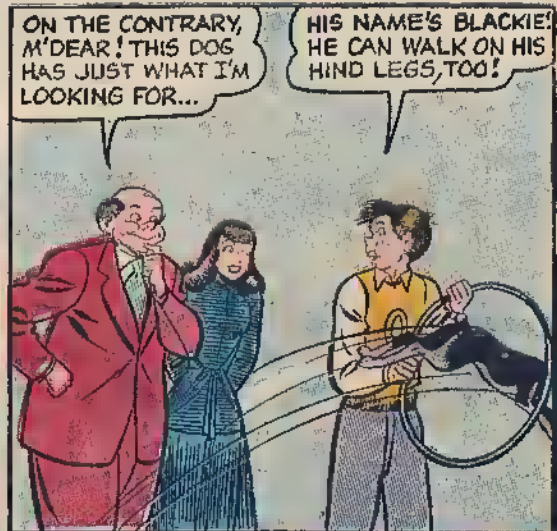
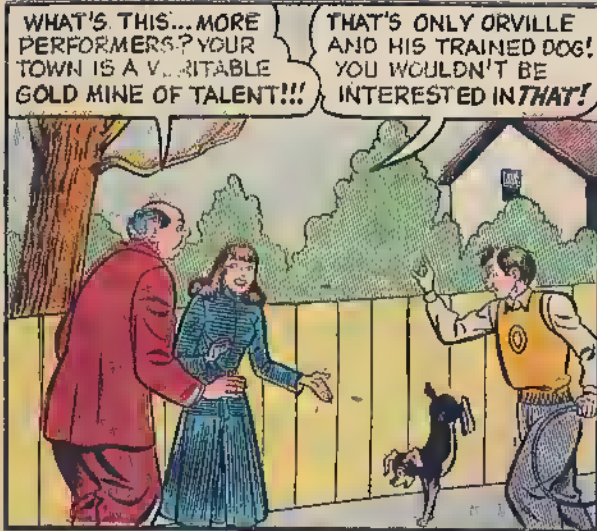
WHAT ABOUT YOU, TINA?

I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE ALL THINKING, BUT I WON'T TAKE THAT JOB!



CANDY

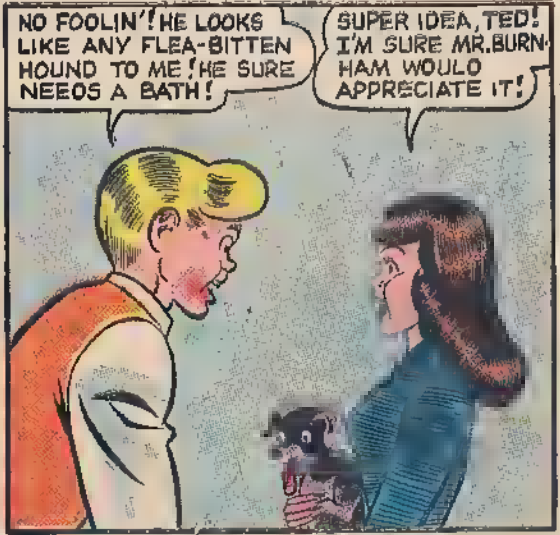






HI, CUPCAKE I.
HELPING THE
DOG CATCHER?

DON'T BE FUNNY, CLUMSY!
MR. BURNHAM SAYS HE
WILL BE VALUABLE FOR
HIS CIRCUS!



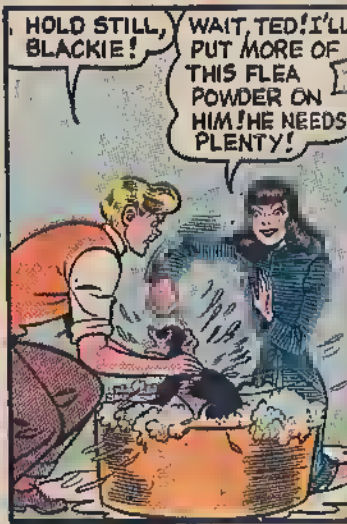
NO FOOLIN'! HE LOOKS
LIKE ANY FLEA-BITTEN
HOUND TO ME! HE SURE
NEEDS A BATH!

SUPER IDEA, TED!
I'M SURE MR. BURN-
HAM WOULD
APPRECIATE IT!



SOOT... IF WE MAKE A
HIT WITH MR.
BURNHAM. AT
LEAST HE MAY
GIVE US SOME
KIND OF JOB IN
HIS CIRCUS!

THIS SHOULD
PUT US IN
SOLID! IT'S
PROBABLY
THE FIRST
BATH BLACKIE'S
EVER HAD!



HOLD STILL,
BLACKIE!

WAIT TED! I'LL
PUT MORE OF
THIS FLEA
POWDER ON
HIM! HE NEEDS
PLENTY!



GUESS HE'S JUST ABOUT
FINISHED NOW! CLEAN AS
A WHISTLE!



IF THAT'S THE DOG
PHINEAS BURNHAM
BOUGHT, I'LL GIVE
YOU TWENTY DOLLARS
FOR HIM!

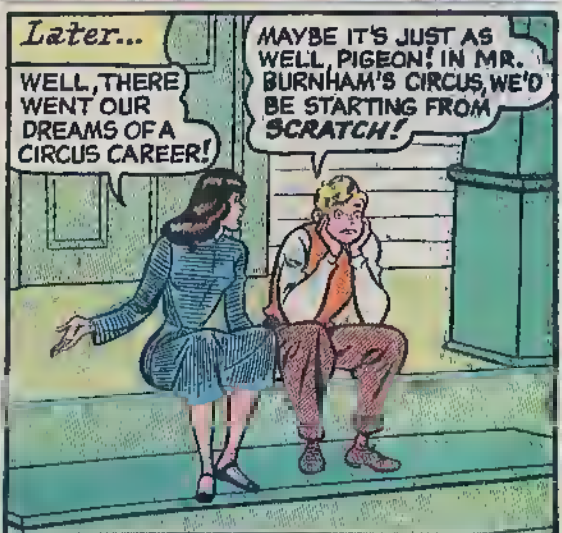
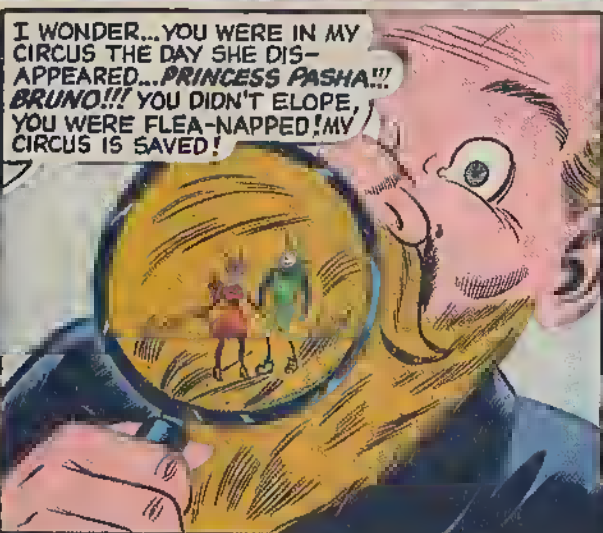
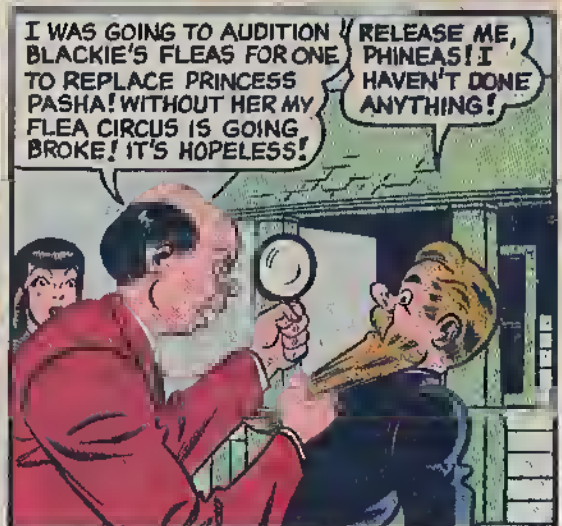
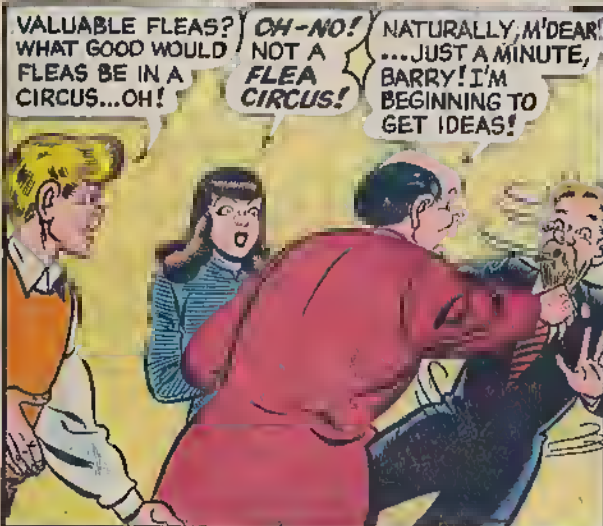
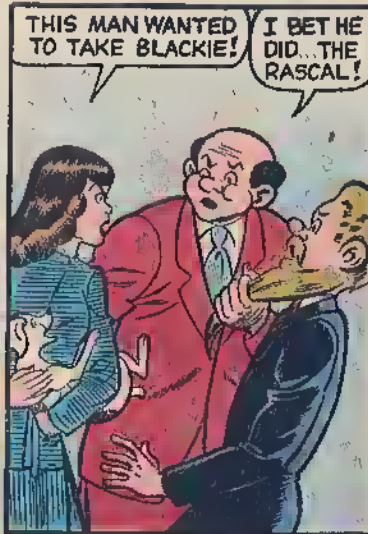
HUH?

OH, NO! MR. BURN-
HAM TOLD ME ALL
ABOUT YOU! THIS
DOG'S VERY
VALUABLE!

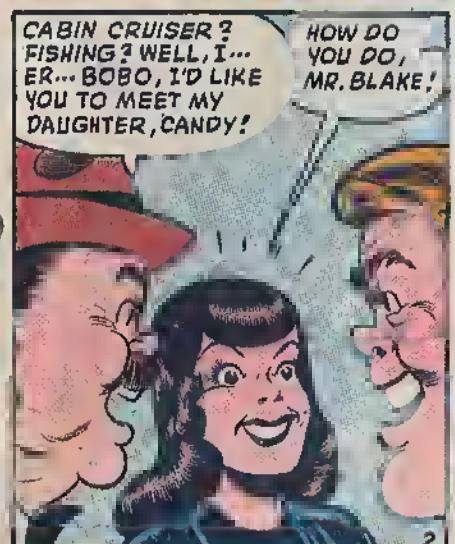
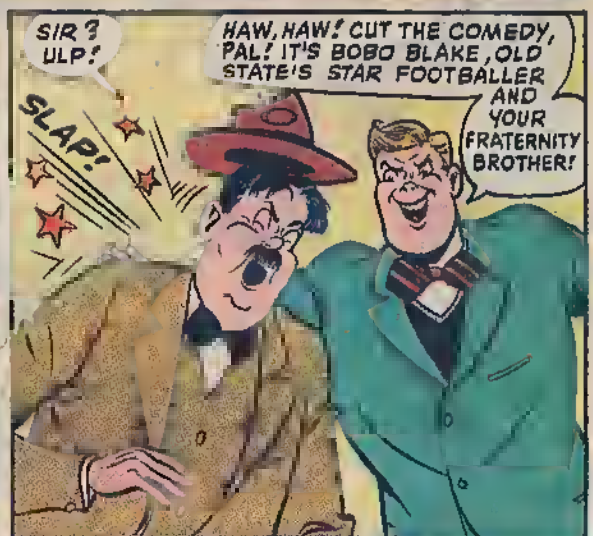
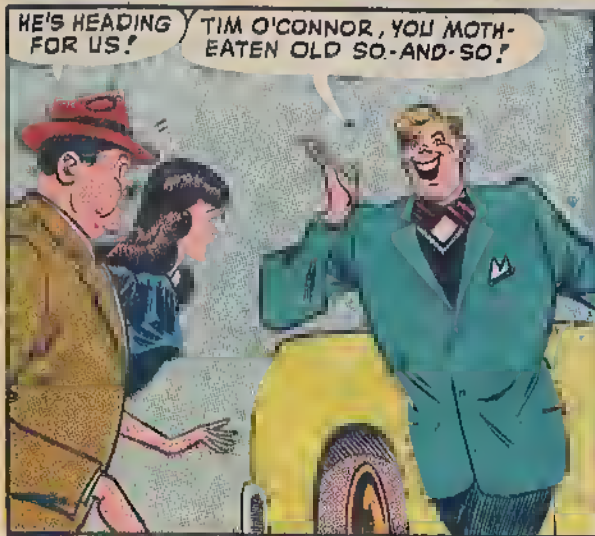
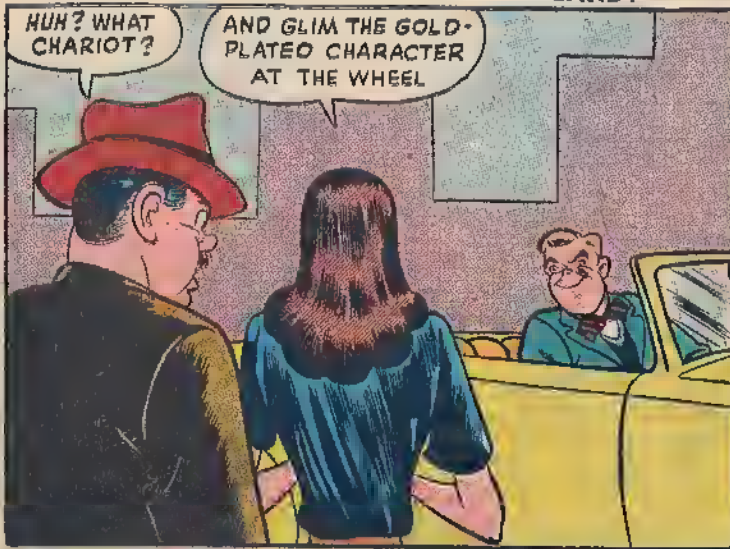


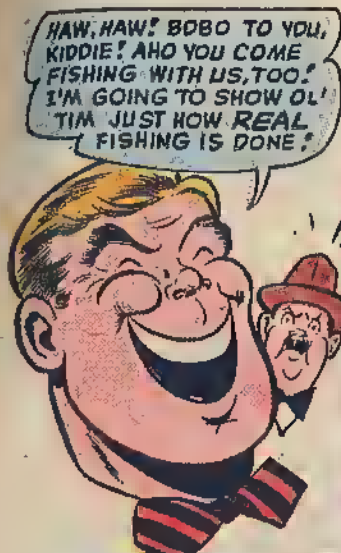
I'LL GET THOSE
SIPHONAPTERAE
AT ANY COST! I
WON'T LET PHINEAS
BURNHAM BEST ME!

SIPHON... WHO? WHAT-
EVER BLACKIE IS,
YOU CAN'T HAVE
HIM!







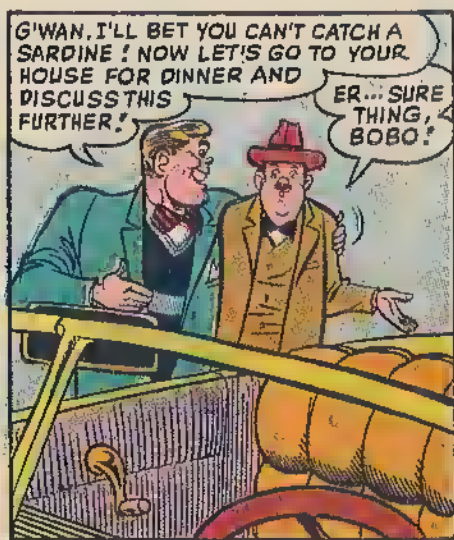


HAW, HAW! BOBO TO YOU, KIDDIE! AHO YOU COME FISHING WITH US, TOO! I'M GOING TO SHOW OL' TIM JUST HOW REAL FISHING IS DONE!



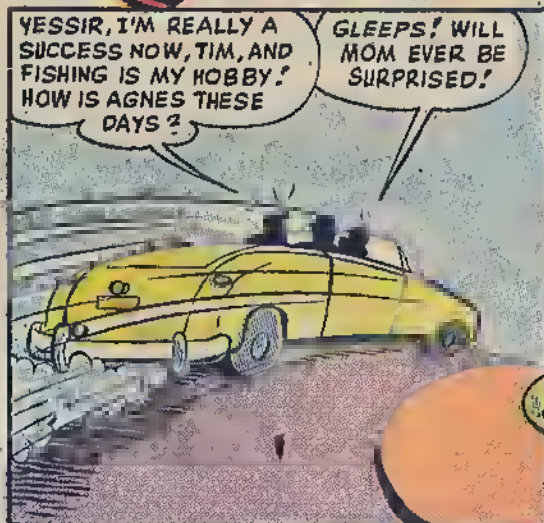
WELL, BOBO, I'M QUITE A FISHER-MAN MYSELF!

BUT DADDY, I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LIKE...



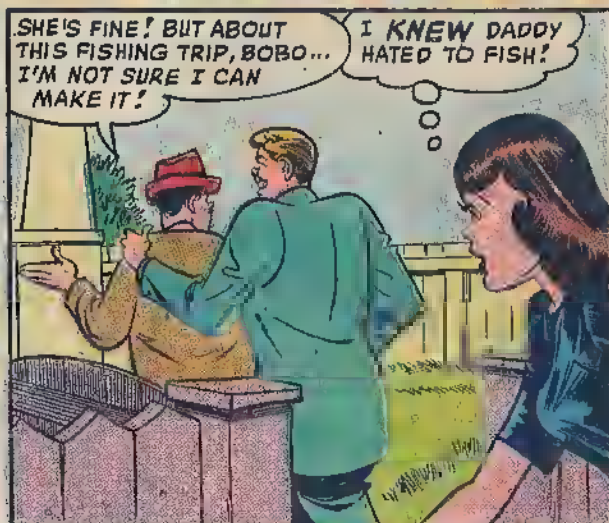
G'WAN, I'LL BET YOU CAN'T CATCH A SARDINE! NOW LET'S GO TO YOUR HOUSE FOR DINNER AND DISCUSS THIS FURTHER!

ER... SURE THING, BOBO!



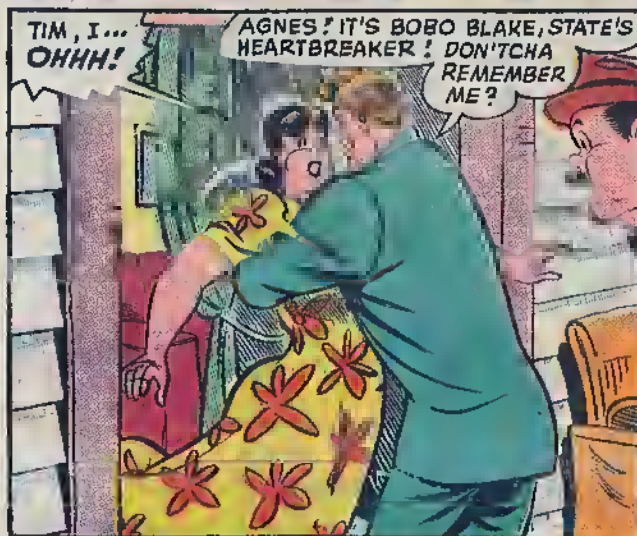
YESSIR, I'M REALLY A SUCCESS NOW, TIM, AND FISHING IS MY HOBBY! HOW IS AGNES THESE DAYS?

GLEEPS! WILL MOM EVER BE SURPRISED!



SHE'S FINE! BUT ABOUT THIS FISHING TRIP, BOBO... I'M NOT SURE I CAN MAKE IT!

I KNEW DADDY HATED TO FISH!



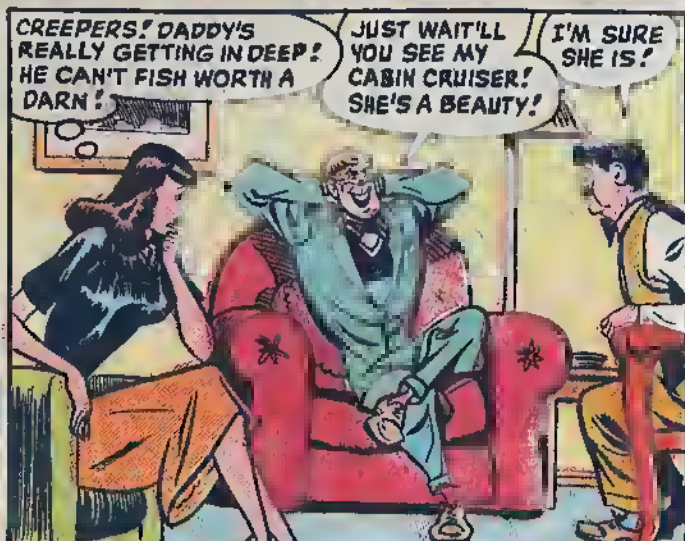
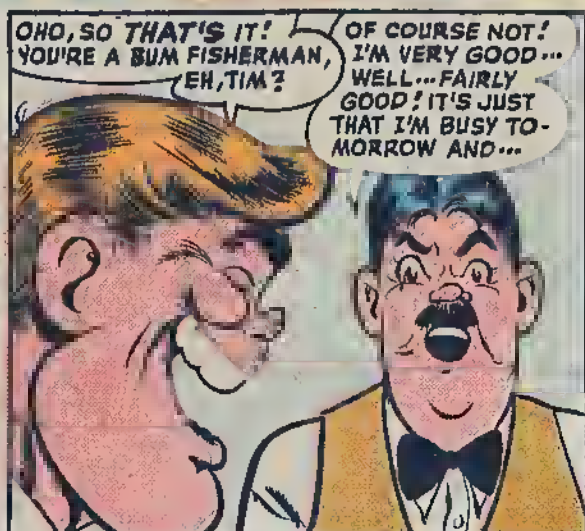
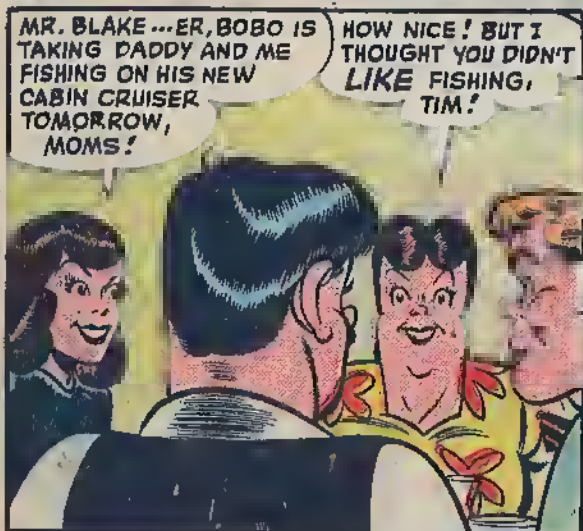
TIM, I... OHHH!

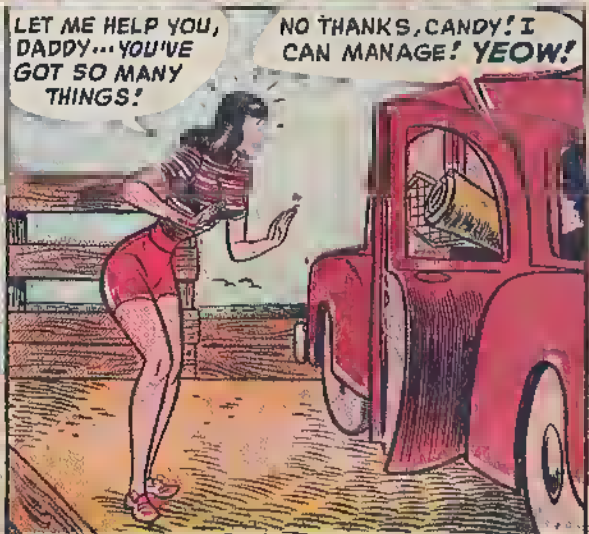
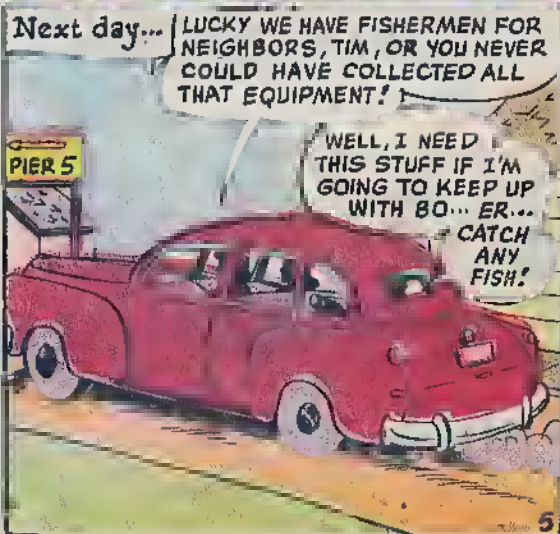
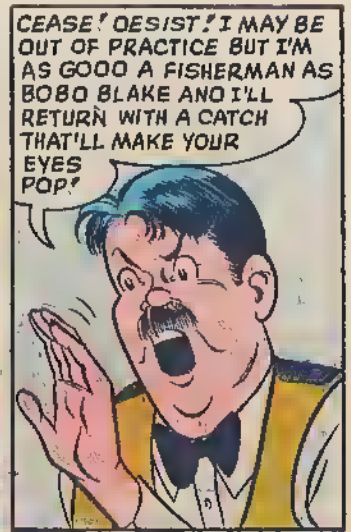
AGNES! IT'S BOBO BLAKE, STATE'S HEARTBREAKER! DON'TCHA REMEMBER ME?

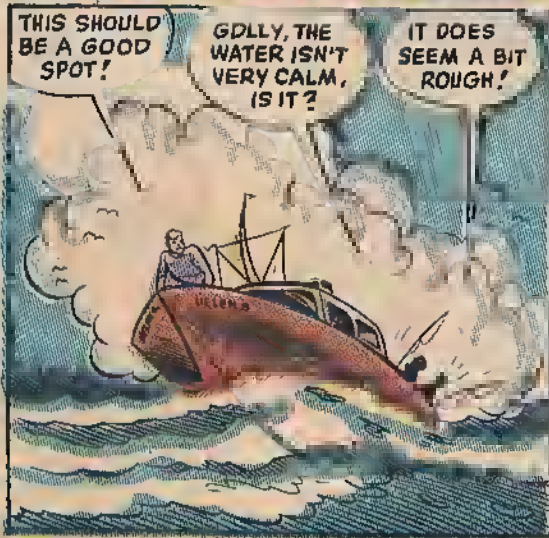
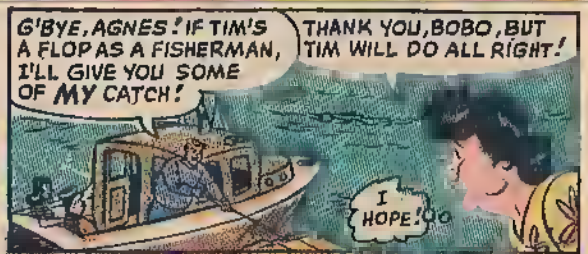
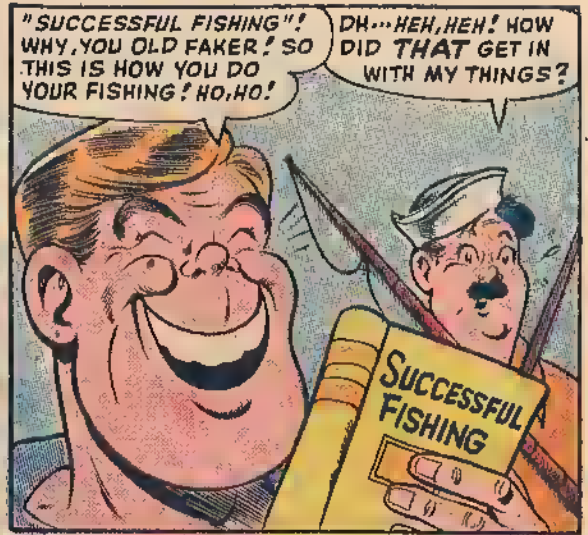
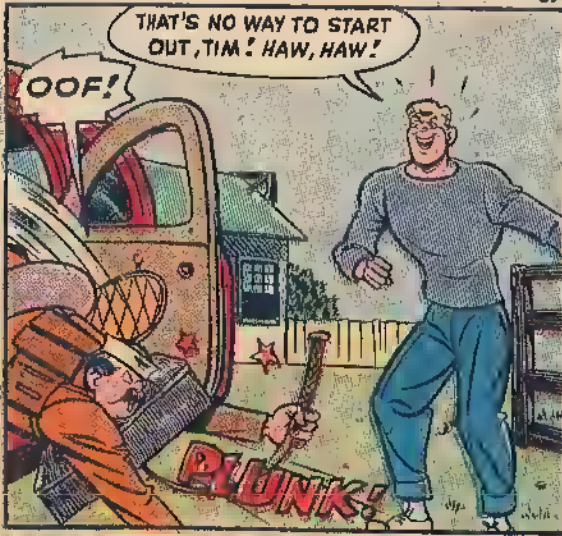


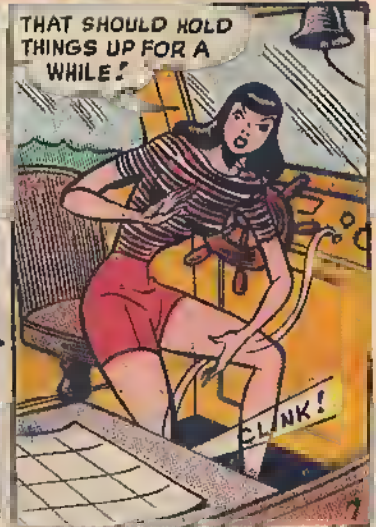
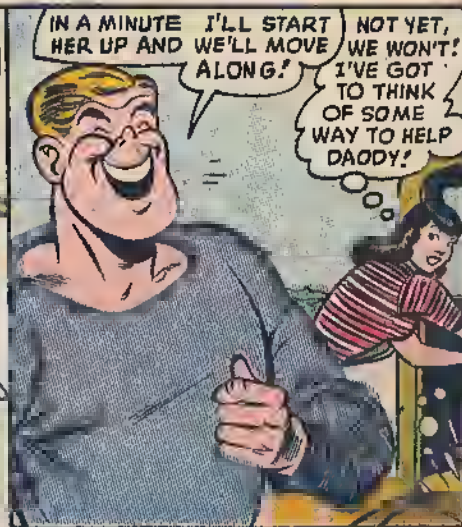
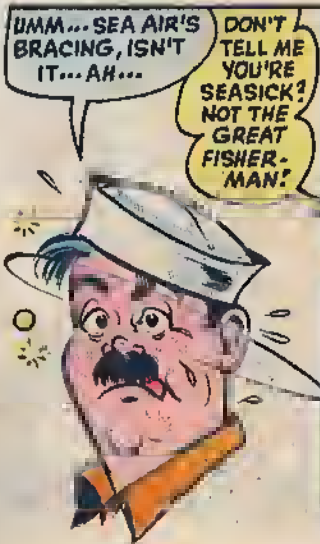
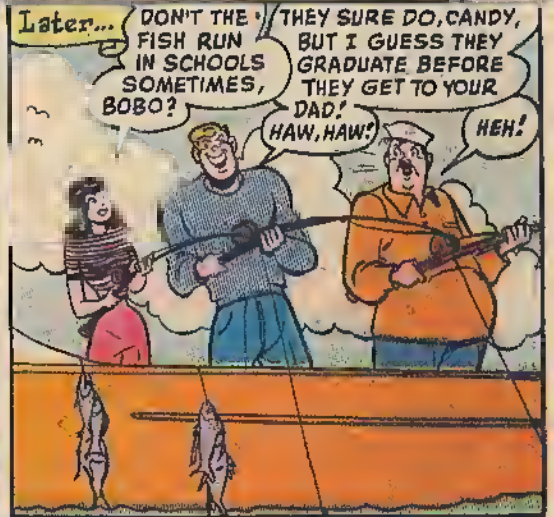
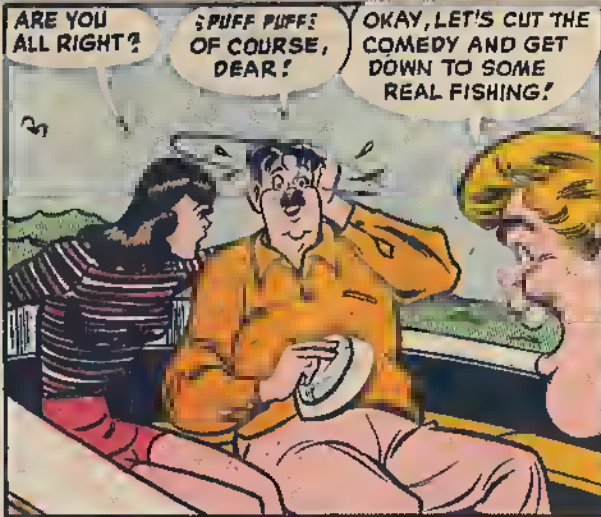
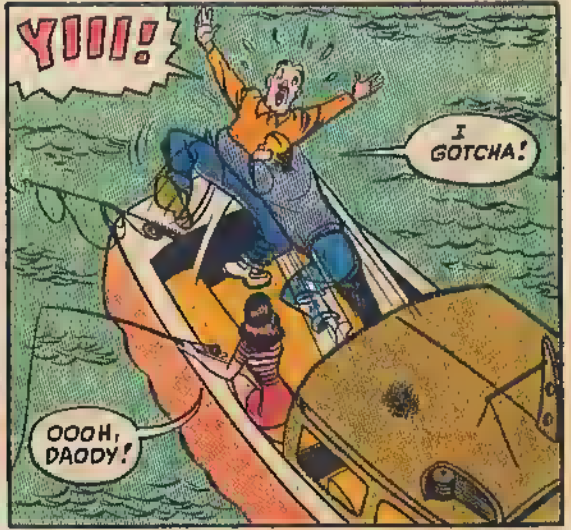
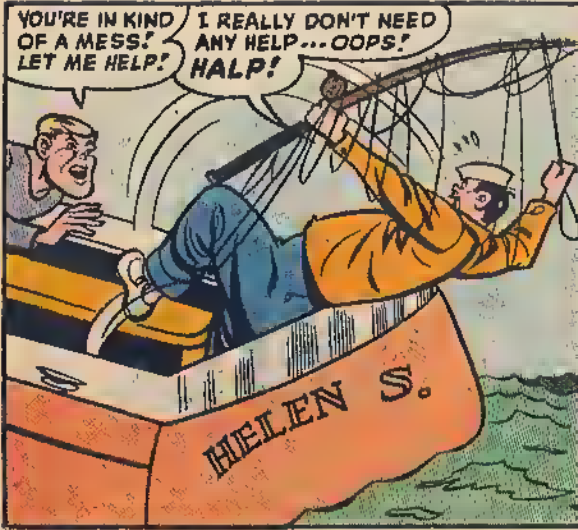
WHY, BOBO BLAKE... ER... IT'S BEEN SO LONG!

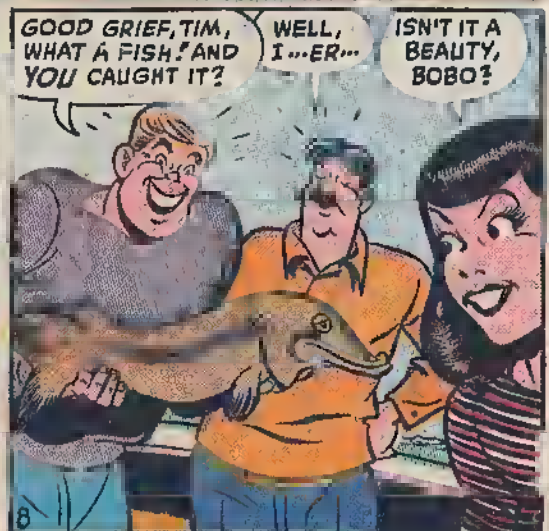
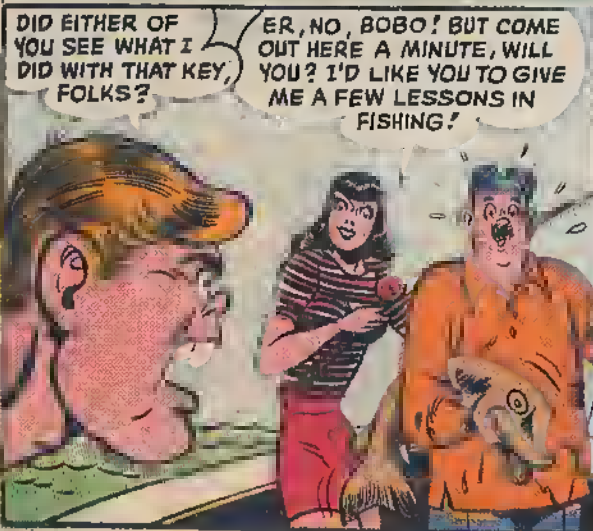
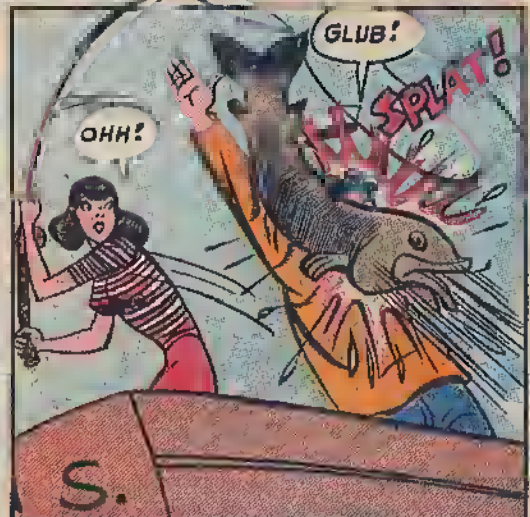
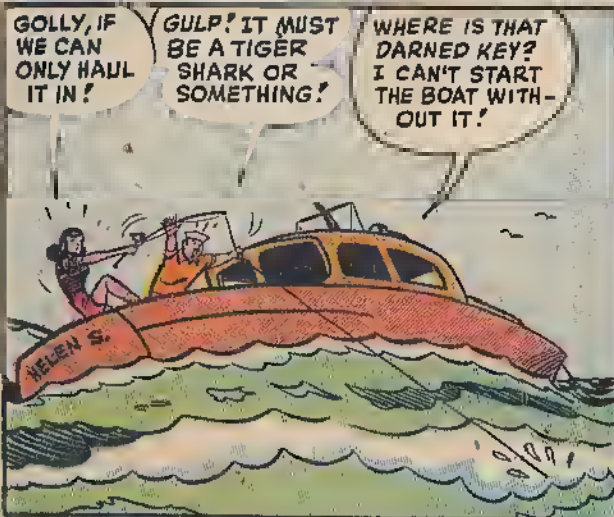
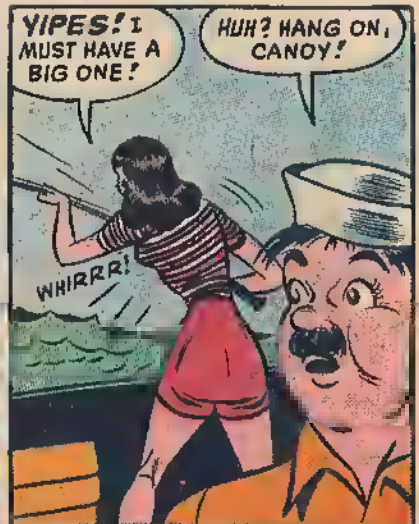
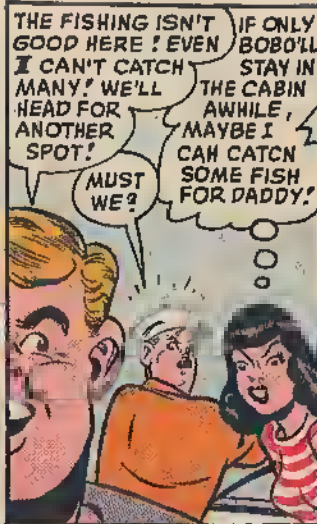
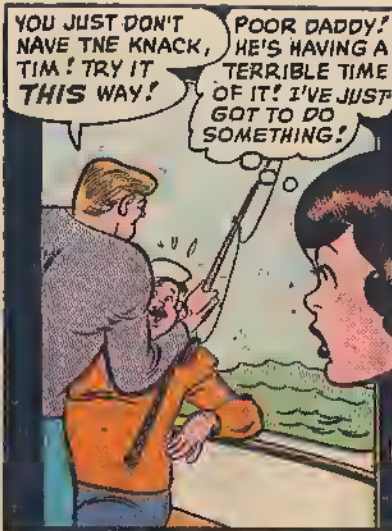
YOU SAID IT, AGNES, BUT YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED A BIT! STILL JUST AS PRETTY AS A PICTURE!

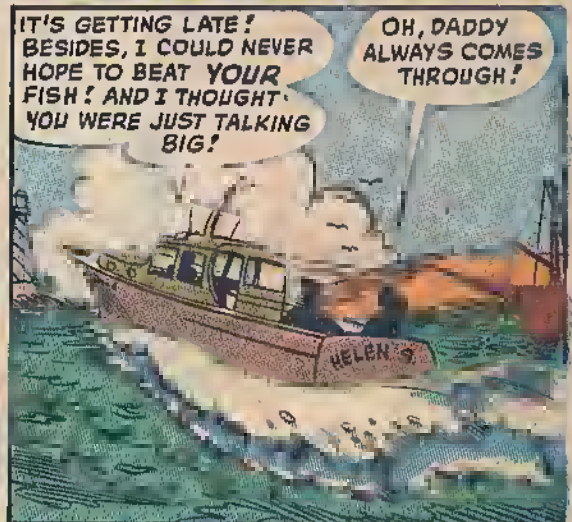
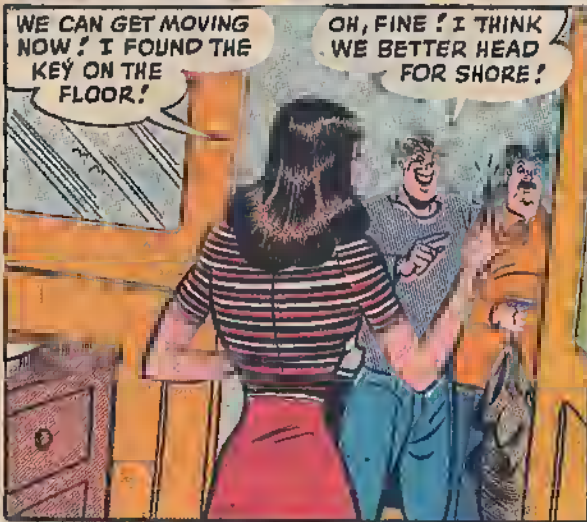
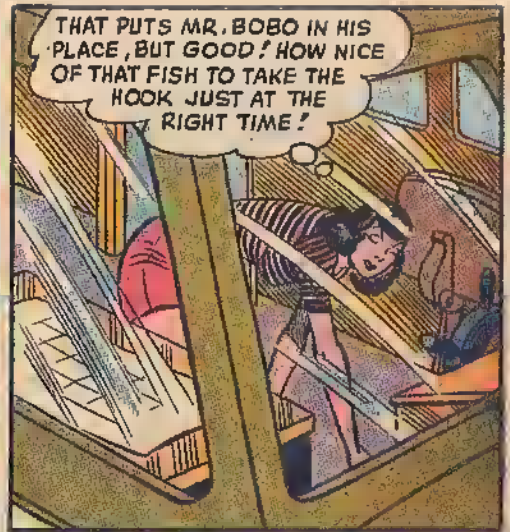
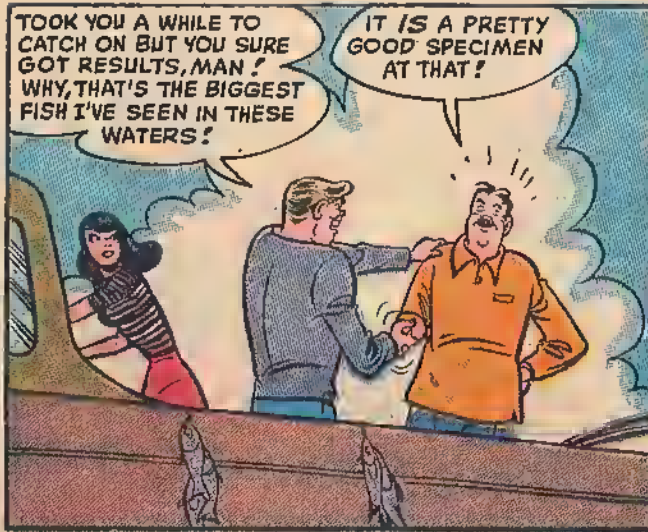


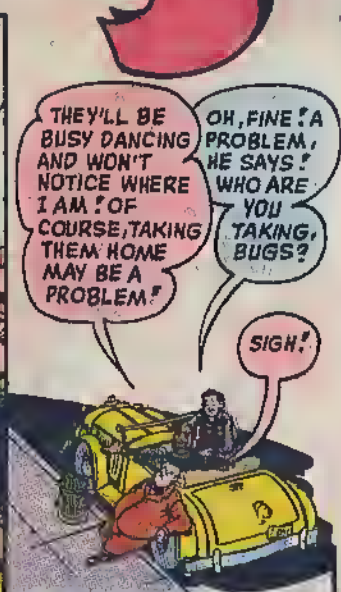
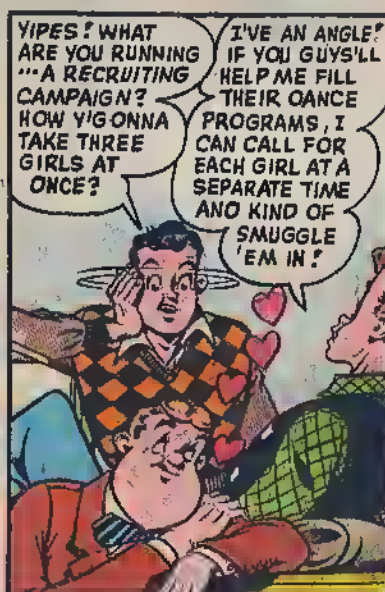
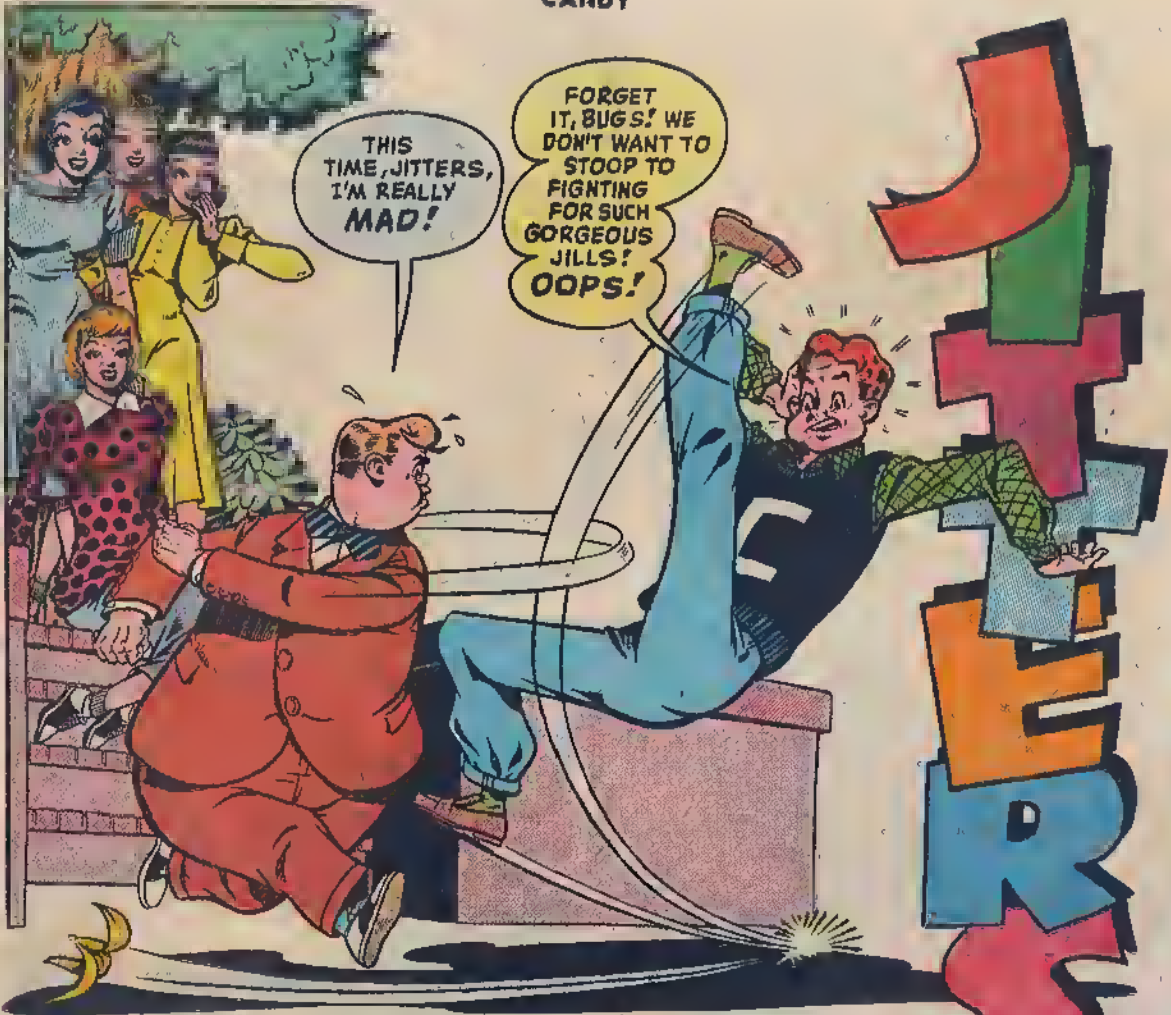


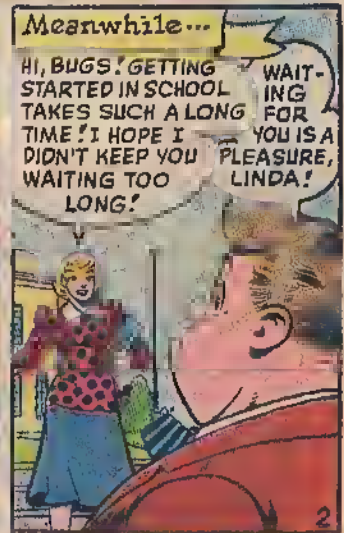
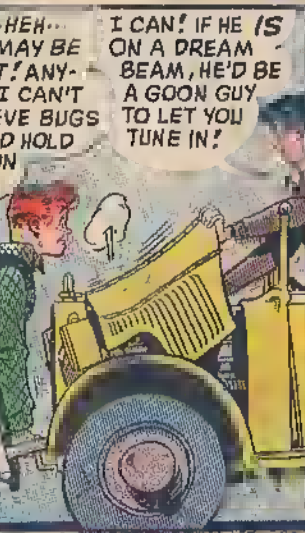
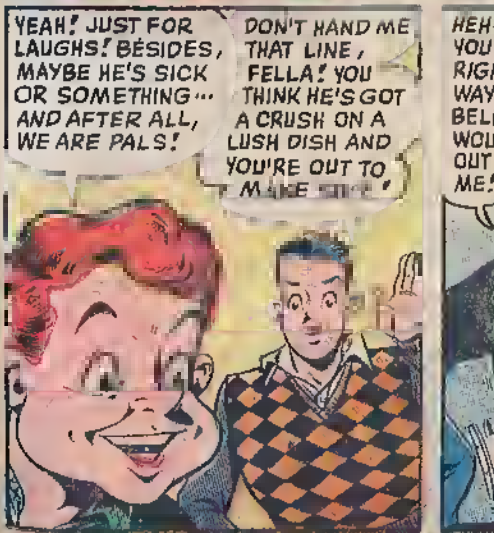
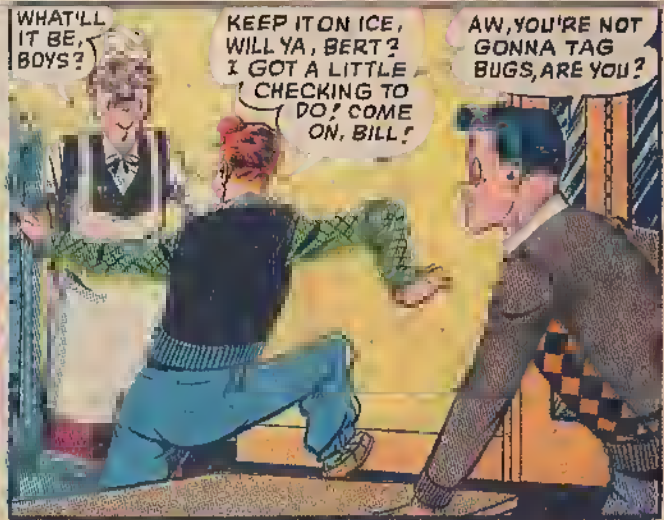
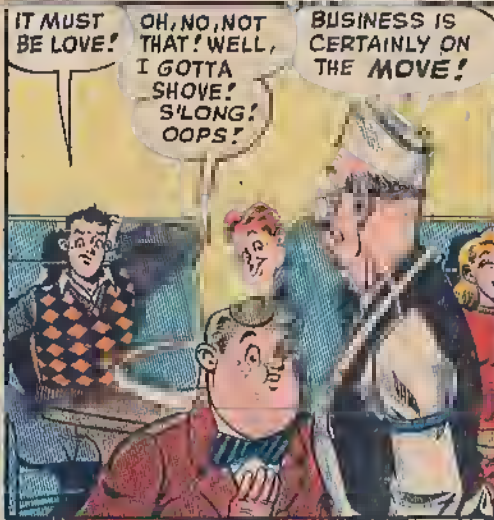
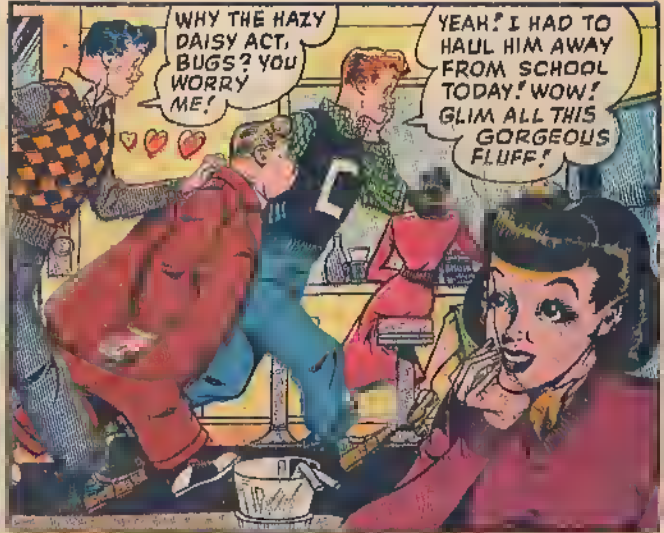
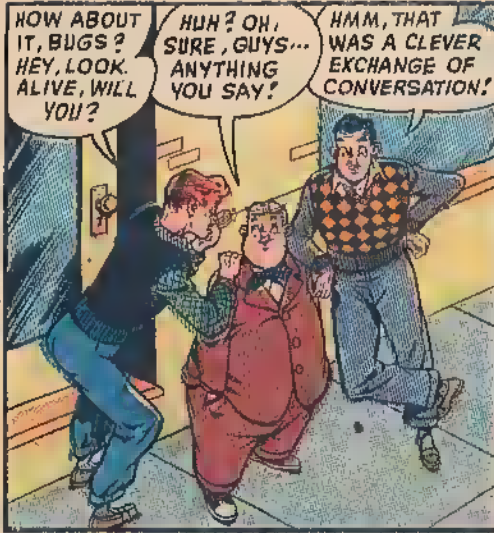


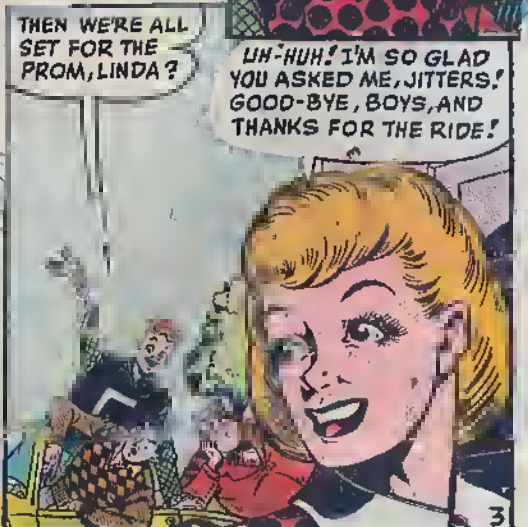
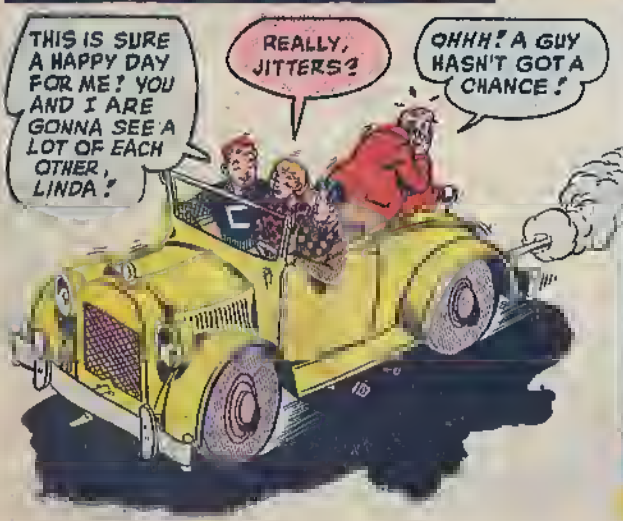
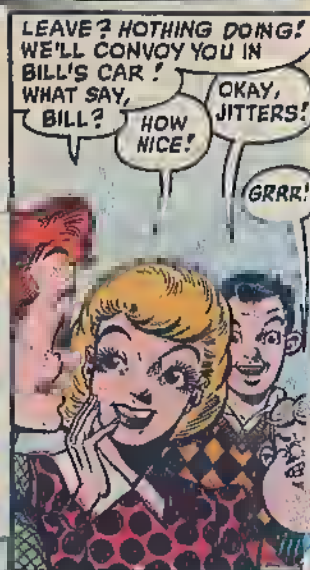
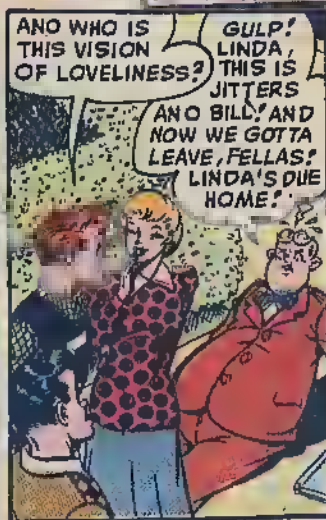
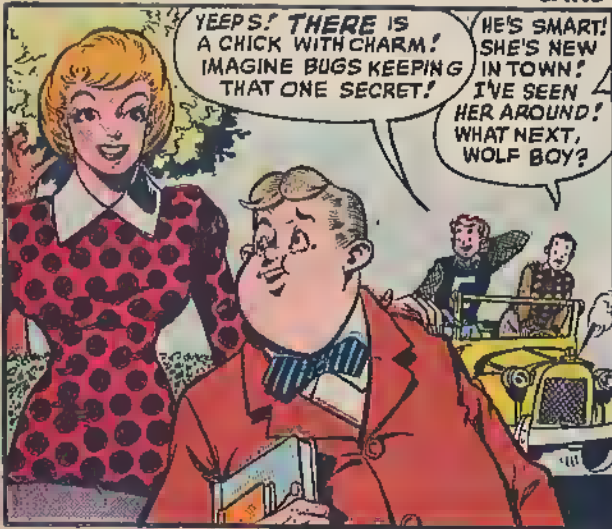




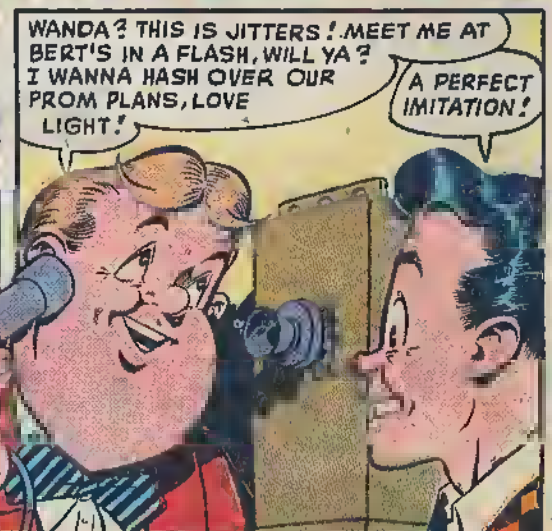
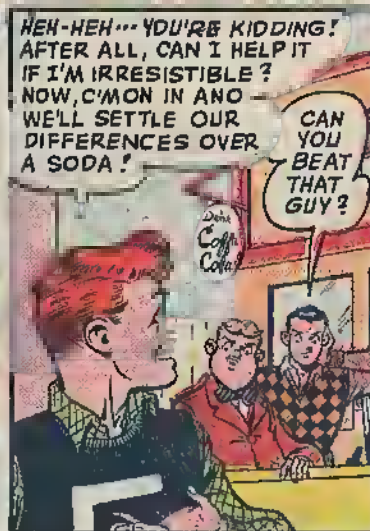
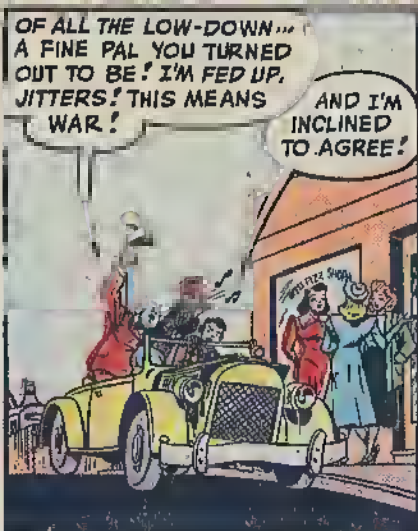
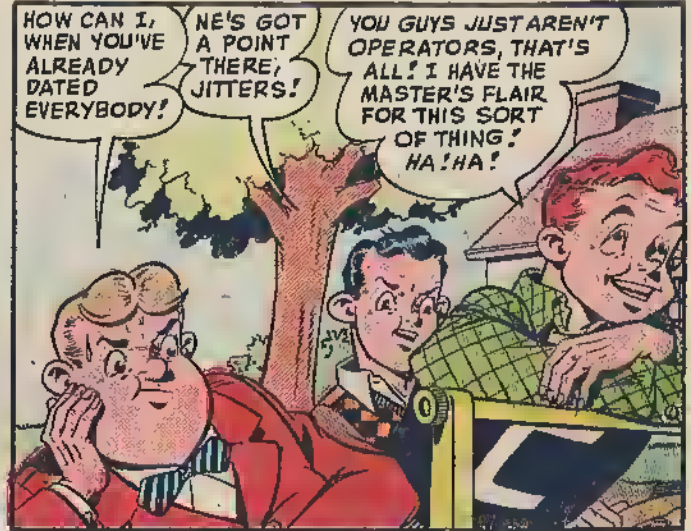
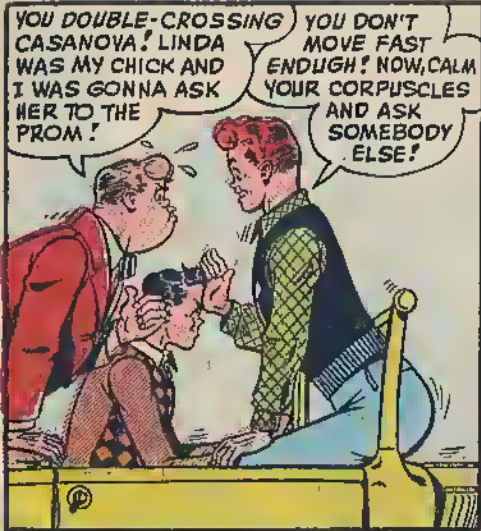


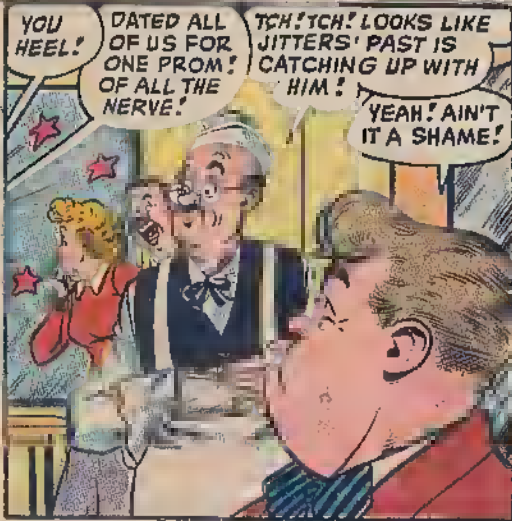
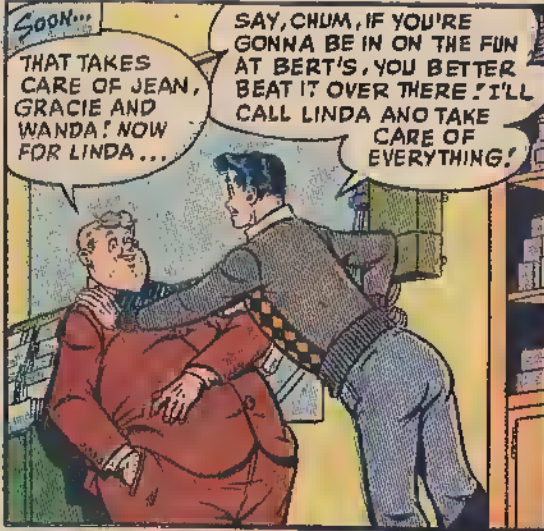






CANDY





CANDY

Candy's Dandy



TED DAWSON, the pride of Hartwick High, slumped dejectedly in a booth at the Soda Shoppe. He was in an awful state. Here it was Thursday and he was dateless for the big picnic at Sylvan Lake on Saturday. Worst of all, Candy O'Connor was forsaking him for a stuffed shirt from Gotham City. As he stared out the plate glass window at Main Street, his gloom was redoubled at seeing Candy walking toward the door.

"O-w-w-w," howled Ted mournfully as she entered. "You again! Why don't you get lost—or something."

"Well, gee weepers, Ted Dawson," was Candy's indignant reply to this greeting. "You don't have to be so disagreeable, do you . . . I mean, after all, is it my fault if my very own father asks me to take the son of an important business contact to the picnic?"

Standing with arms on her hips, she glared silently at Ted for a minute before continuing. "Anyway, I'd rather be going with you . . . you're so reliable."

"That's the trouble," interrupted Ted angrily. "I'm too darned reliable—but no more. From now on," he shouted, fixing Candy with an irate stare, "old reliable Ted is looking out for Ted Dawson. Matter of fact, I hear Cynthia Marlowe is back from boarding school for the summer, and I'm going to date her for this half-baked clam bake. How about that?"

Ted slid out of the booth and, with a carefree wave of his hand in farewell, breezed out the door without a backward glance. Left to her own devices, which were many, Candy dwelt upon this newest problem.

"Hmmm. Cynthia Marlowe, eh?" she mused. "Well, we'll just see if you're going to date her for the picnic, Ted Dawson . . . we'll just see."

Having reached a decision, she groped in her purse for a nickel, and finding it, she went immediately to the phone booth and dialed Cynthia Marlowe's home. After a pause she was rewarded by hearing the throaty, sophisticated voice of Cynthia herself on the other end of the wire.

"Cynthia? Cynthia d-a-a-a-rling," she gushed. "I'm so utterly, divinely glad you're home. I'm calling to ask a favor of you . . . well, Rodney Roan, a boy from Gotham City, is our house guest for the week end and I was wondering if you'd go to the picnic at Sylvan with him? . . . You will? Oh thank you, and . . . er . . . by the way, if Ted Dawson calls for a date, would you mind giving him a slight chill? Oh, thanks, you're a dear. G'bye now."

Candy hung up, a sly smile of contentment playing about her mouth, and walked out of the store.

Meanwhile, Ted Dawson ambled down Main Street

from Ferguson's Garage, where he had been over-seeing repairs to his battered jalopy. "Jeepers," he muttered, "seven moth-eaten smackers for a new oil filter . . . now I don't know whether I can afford to take Cynthia to the picnic." He looked up the street and spied Cynthia herself window shopping in Barth's Department Store. A low whistle of admiration passed his lips. She was something to look at. Shrugging off his money worries with a here-goes-nothing attitude he went towards her to ask her for a date.

"Hi, Cyn, long time no see," he said airily as he approached her.

The girl looked around coldly before speaking. "The name escapes me, little boy, but the revolting face is familiar," she said. Then, after a pause she went on, "I know I had a nightmare last night and you were the hit of the show."

Undaunted by this crack, Ted continued, "I'm Ted Dawson . . ."

"Ohhh, yes," replied the girl, "now I remember, my brother Bill has spoken of you. When did you get out?"

"Out? O-u-ut of what?" Ted stammered, not understanding her remark.

"Why, out of reform school, silly," Cynthia said with a winsome smile. "Oh, don't be embarrassed, Bill's told me all about it. I think the judge was an old mummy. After all, a crate of oranges isn't anything. And any way, I think everyone's entitled to one mistake, don't you?"

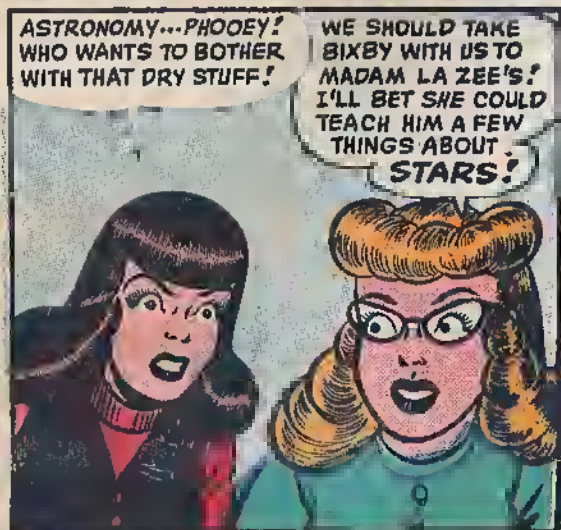
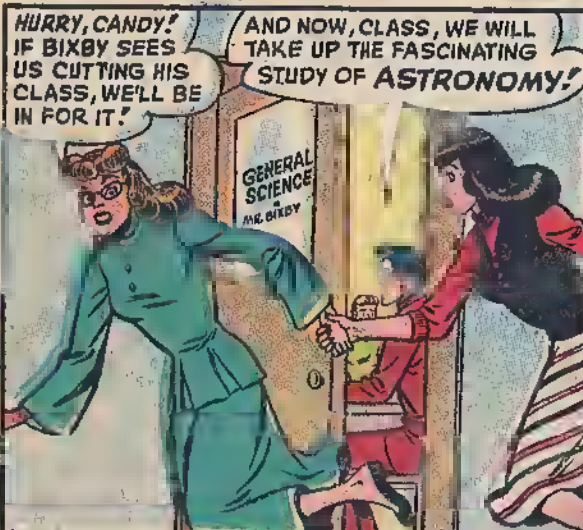
All this was over Ted's head. He didn't know what she was talking about, but he did know that he was being ridiculed, and in front of a steadily growing crowd of people. Taking the bull by the horns, he blurted, "I wanted to ask you if you'd go to the picnic with me Saturday?"

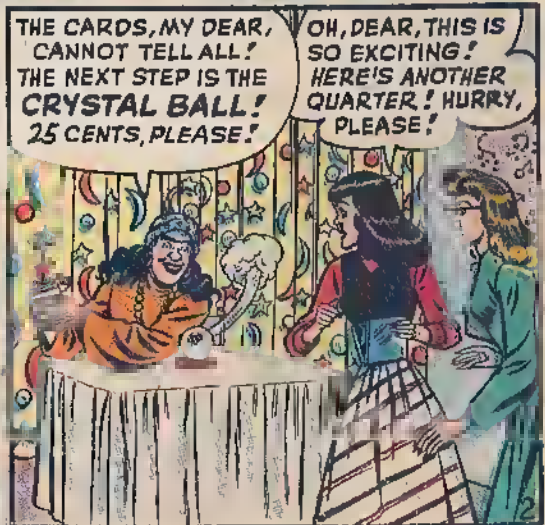
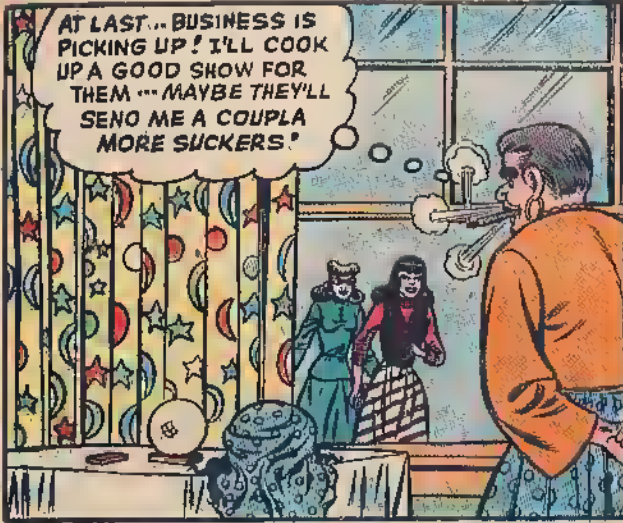
"Why I'd love to, Ted," Cynthia replied, a trace of mocking laughter in her voice, "but unfortunately" she continued, "I've already promised Candy O'Connor I'd go with her house guest."

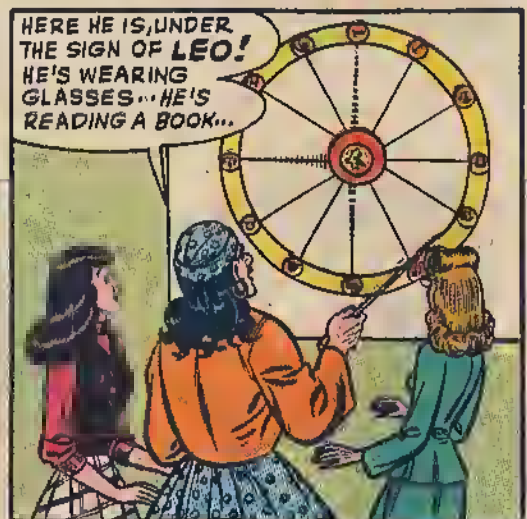
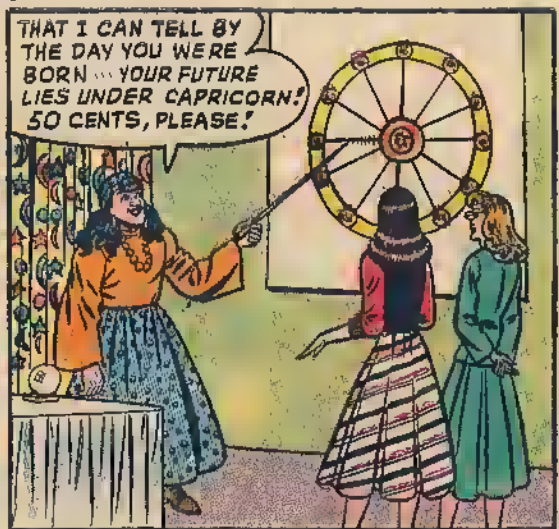
The crowd was enjoying every minute of Ted's discomfort. He wasn't, however, and so, taking leave of his gorgeous tormentor, he hastened back up the street towards the Soda Shoppe. Slumped in a booth once again, trying to hide from his friends who would no doubt ride him for making a public exhibition of himself, he sank into a troubled reverie.

He was interrupted by a cheery voice saying, "Hi there, Mr. Gloom, what's this I hear about you and Cynthia Marlowe, you wolf, you!" It was Candy O'Connor. "Well, I've fixed it so you can take me to the picnic," she continued, bubbling over with good spirits. "Isn't that dandy?"

A sheepish grin spread slowly over Ted's face. "Okay," he said, "you win Candy, but I'll get even with you yet. C'mon, I'll buy you a soda."

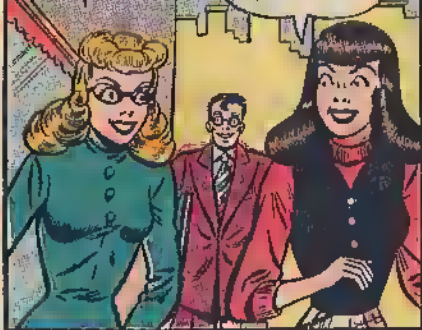






ISN'T THIS THRILLING?
WHO DO YOU SUPPOSE
YOUR TRUE LOVE IS?

IT CAN'T
BE TED!
HE DOESN'T
WEAR GLASSES,
AND HE NEVER
READS A BOOK
... IF HE CAN
HELP IT!



WELL... MISS
O'CONNOR...
MISS TRAYNOR,
MAY I ASK
WHAT PRESSING
ENGAGEMENT
KEPT YOU FROM
ATTENDING TODAY'S
ASTRONOMY CLASS?



GULP! WHY,
HELLO, MR.
BIXBY...
WE WERE
JUST...
WE...

WE... ER... HAD A VERY
IMPORTANT ERRAND...
MY WHOLE FUTURE
DEPENDS ON IT!



AREN'T YOU INTERESTED
IN LEARNING ABOUT THE
HEAVENLY BODIES?

AT THE MOMENT, I'M
MORE INTERESTED
IN LEARNING ABOUT
A CERTAIN
EARTHLY
ONE!



OH, CANDY DOESN'T
MEAN THAT, MR. BIXBY!
SHE'S REALLY VERY
MUCH INTERESTED IN
THE STARS RIGHT
NOW!

WELL, IN THAT CASE,,
MISS O'CONNOR, I'M
SURE YOU'LL BE
DELIGHTED TO READ
THIS **ASTRONOMY**
BOOK TONIGHT! I'LL
EXPECT YOUR REPORT IN
CLASS TOMORROW! GOOD
DAY, GIRLS!



YOU KNOW, CANDY,
HE WOULD BE SORT
OF CUTE WITHOUT
HIS **GLASSES!**

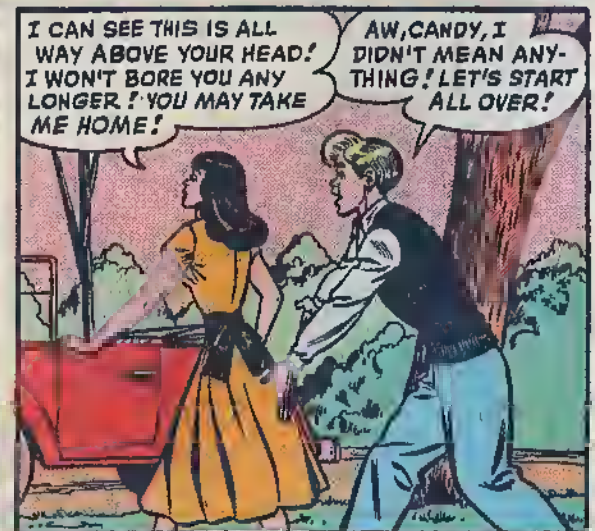
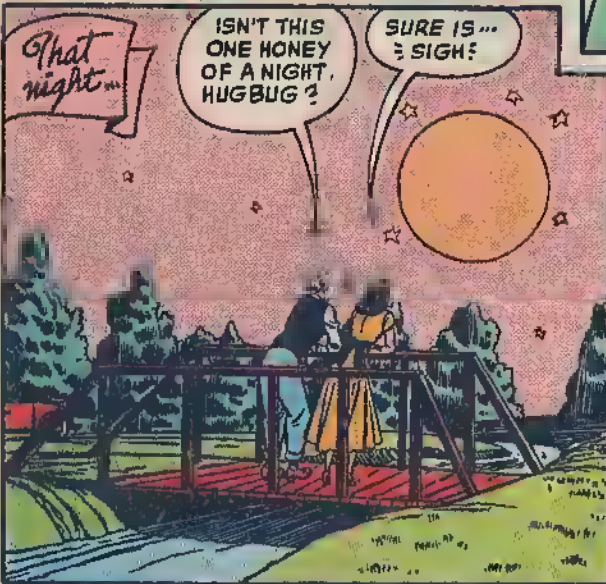
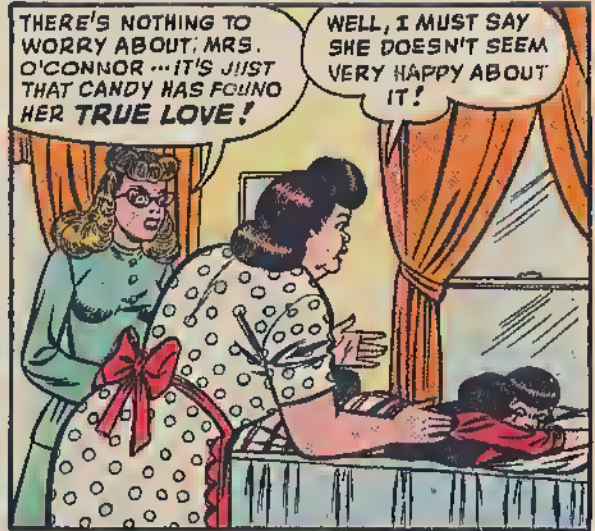
TOO BAD HE NEVER
DOES ANYTHING BUT
READ **BOOKS**
ABOUT STARS!

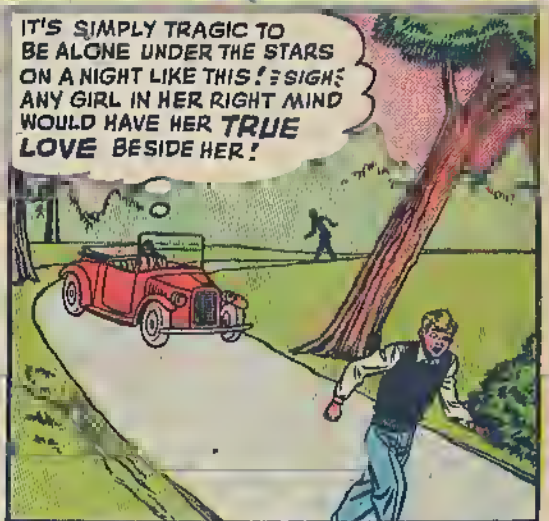
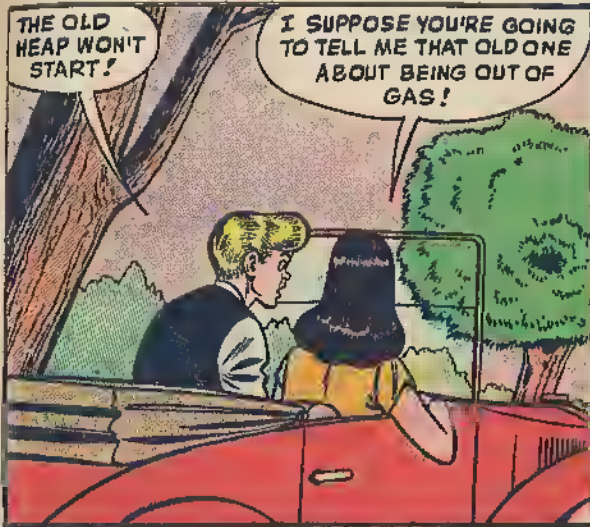


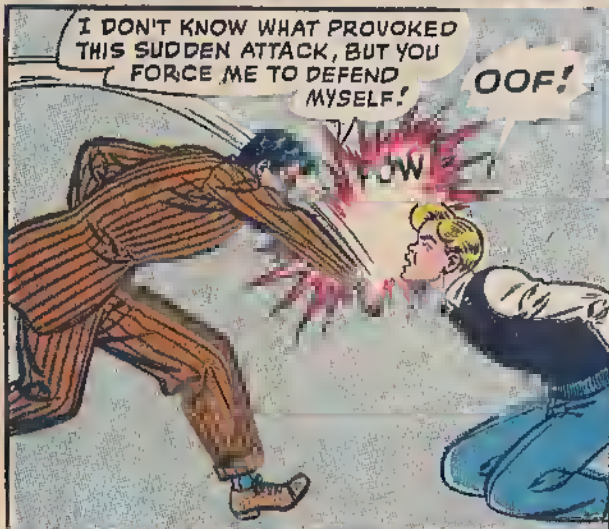
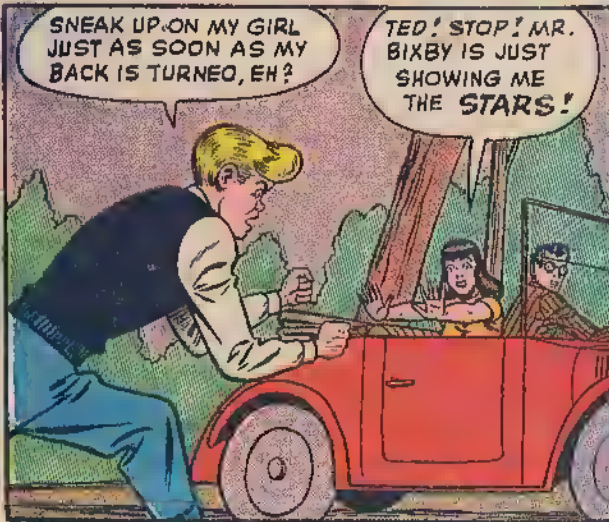
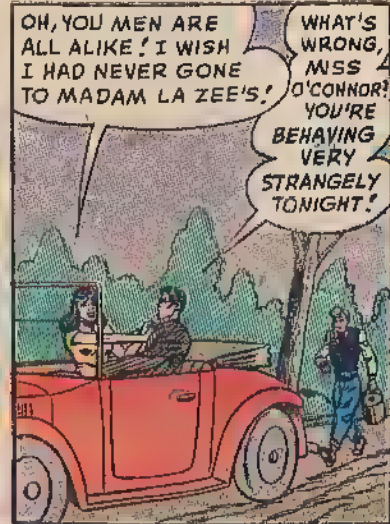
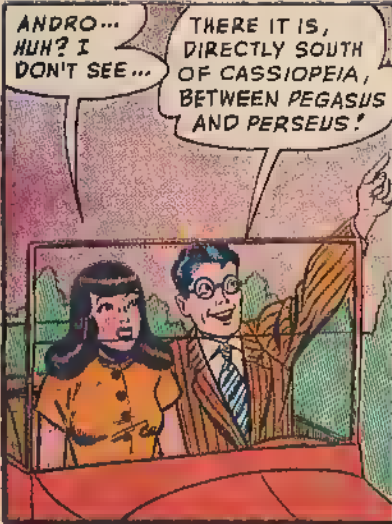
CANDY! MR. BIXBY WEARS
GLASSES AND READS
BOOKS! AND HIS NAME
IS **LEO!** I'LL BET
HE'S...

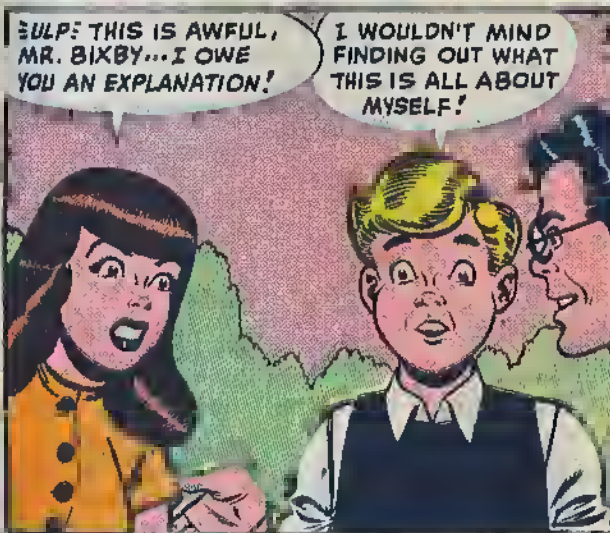
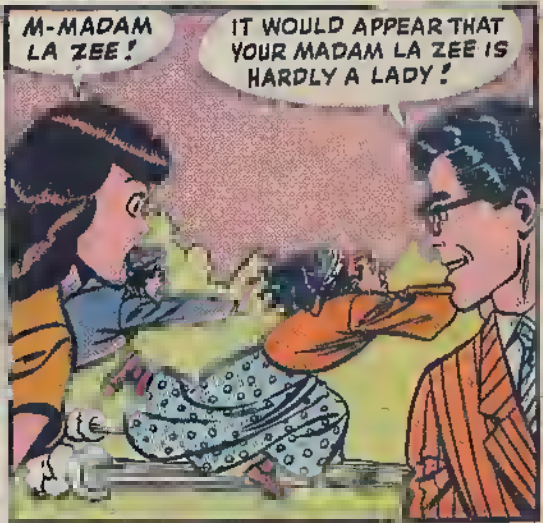
JUMPING
JUPITER!
MAOAM LA ZEE
JUST COULDN'T
HAVE MEANT
HIM!



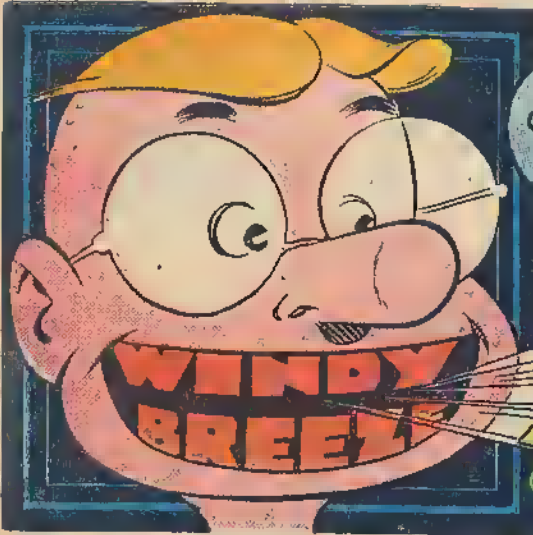




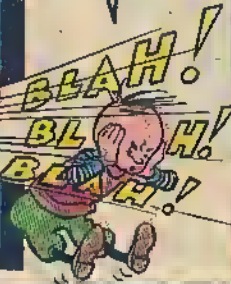




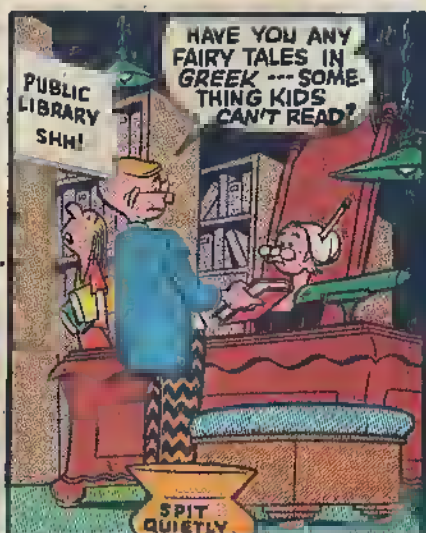
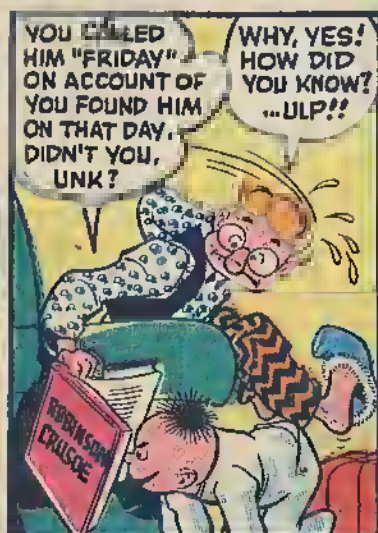
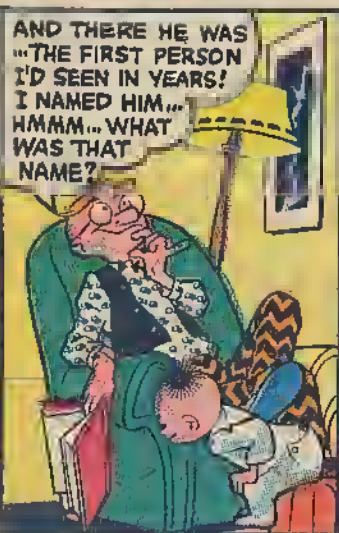
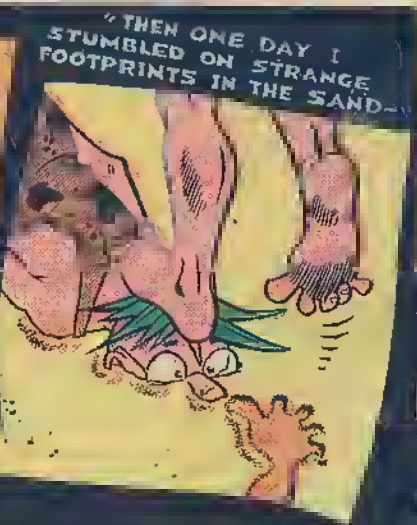
CANDY



TO THE HURRICANE CELLAR, GANG! WE'RE IN FOR ANOTHER BLOW!



"I LIVED ALONE. MY ONLY COMPANION BEING A PARROT I TAUGHT TO TALK..."



BOYS! here's great news!

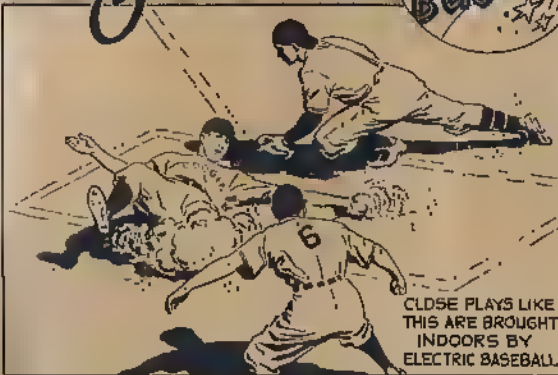
ANNOUNCING: An amazing new game

turns **OUTDOOR** action
into **INDOOR** thrills

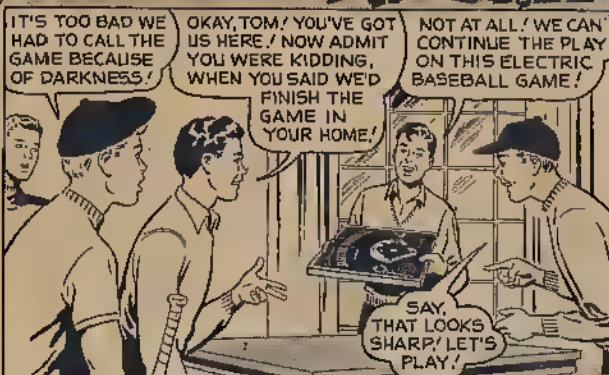
Jim Prentice

IT'S A
**FENCE
BUSTER**

ELECTRIC BASEBALL



CLOSE PLAYS LIKE
THIS ARE BROUGHT
INDOORS BY
ELECTRIC BASEBALL.



IT'S TOO BAD WE
HAD TO CALL THE
GAME BECAUSE
OF DARKNESS!

OKAY, TOM! YOU'VE GOT
US HERE! NOW ADMIT
YOU WERE KIDDING,
WHEN YOU SAID WE'D

NOT AT ALL! WE CAN
CONTINUE THE PLAY
ON THIS ELECTRIC
BASEBALL GAME!

FINISH THE
GAME IN
YOUR HOME!

SAY,
THAT LOOKS
SHARP! LET'S
PLAY!



MAN ON 2ND AND 3RD—
A HIT MEANS TWO RUNS
IF YOU'RE FAST ON THE
TRIGGER BAT,
YOU'LL WIN!

STRIKE
HIM OUT,
TOM!

I WANT TO PLAY THE
WINNER! THAT'S THE
BEST LOOKING GAME
I'VE SEEN!

WATCH MY
FAST BALL!

YOU HAVE TO "SWING"
THE BAT AT THE RIGHT
SPLIT SECOND AND
KEEP TRACK OF
STRIKES, BALLS,
HITS, OUTS, RUNS,
INNINGS, ETC!

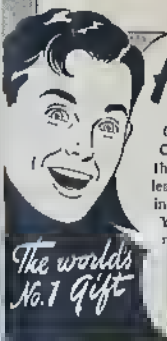
PLAY BALL—
I'M ALL
SET!

SCIENTIFIC, YET
AS EXCITING AS
CAN BE!

SPECIAL \$3 if you act fast

The 1949 Varsity Model Electric Baseball Game is an outstanding value at the delivered price of \$3. Hurry—send for your game—right now. Games come complete with long-life battery, tested miniature lamps, ready to play. Big 14 x 16 Ponderosa Pine frame encloses the maze of wires, soldered connections, and the mechanical bat, topped by the colorful wister repellent playing diamond.

WE PAY POSTAGE...
MONEYBACK GUARANTEE
5 DAYS' TRIAL.

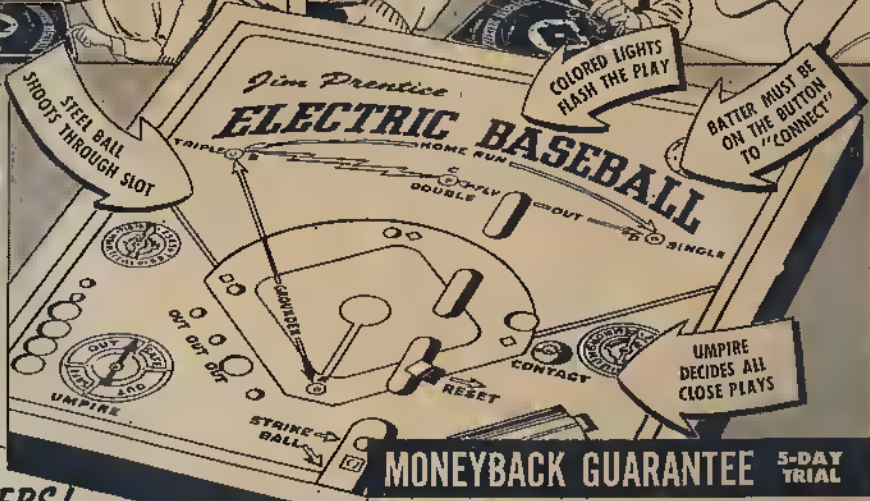


Hi, FELLERS!

Get busy. Be first to own this famous Electric Baseball Game. Have your thumbs over for some fun. REAL FUN—for the electric lights and trigger bat capture the excitement of big league baseball, play by play. Lamps flash as the ball smashes into the "electric brain". Good baseball sense helps to win. You'll learn smart baseball easily. The more you play, the more you'll want to play. Produced by the makers of the "World's biggest selling Baseball and Football games, because they are Electric", Endorsed by parents, famous coaches, sports writers and boys who love baseball.

**ELECTRIC GAME CO. 94 Front Street
HOLYOKE, MASS.**

act fast



MONEYBACK GUARANTEE

5-DAY TRIAL

ELECTRIC GAME CO.
94 Front St. Holyoke, Mass.

Amount Enclosed ☐

Name

Street

City and Zone State

VARSITY MODELS

- ☐ Electric Baseball \$3.00
- ☐ Electric Football \$3.00

NEW SUPER MODELS

- ☐ Electric Baseball \$10
- ☐ Electric Football \$10

CASH or C.O.D.

- ☐ Full payment with order
- ☐ —no collections
- ☐ Send \$1 deposit. C.O.D. Postman collects balance.

All Games Postpaid

"U.S. ROYAL"

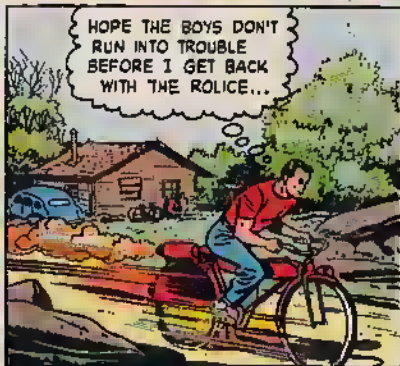
WITH HIS
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



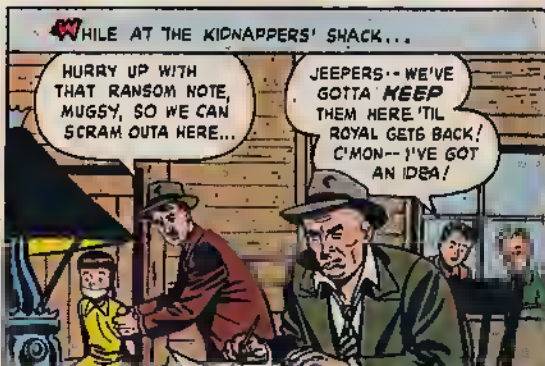
RUINING THE
RANSOM PLAN



FOLLOWING AN URGENT POLICE FLASH, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND THE ELM CITY BIKE CLUB BOYS TRACK DANGEROUS KIDNAPPERS TO A LONELY HIDE-OUT. AS THE BOYS STAND GUARD, U.S. ROYAL JETS OFF FOR HELP...



HOPE THE BOYS DON'T RUN INTO TROUBLE BEFORE I GET BACK WITH THE POLICE...



WHILE AT THE KIDNAPPERS' SHACK...

HURRY UP WITH THAT RANSOM NOTE, MUGSY, SO WE CAN SCRAM OUTA HERE...

JEEPERS--WE'VE GOTTA KEEP THEM HERE 'TIL ROYAL GETS BACK! C'MON--I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



HOW TH-- WHAT A TIME FOR FLAT TIRES! GET THE HAND-PUMP-- WE GOTTA WORK FAST!

BUT U.S. ROYAL WORKS FASTER AND RETURNS WITH THE POLICE IN THE NICK OF TIME!

LETTING THE AIR OUT OF THEIR TIRES SURE WAS A GREAT IDEA, FELLAS!

IT OUGHTA BE! --WE GOT IT OUT OF BIKE COMICS IN "PICNIC PAY-OFF" WHEN JIMMY FULLER--

WHOA! DON'T SPOIL THE STORY... LET OUR READERS GET THEIR FREE COPIES FIRST!

WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, YOU CAN BE SURE YOUR WHEELS ARE EQUIPPED FOR SPEED PLUS SAFETY... AND, SAY-- WHEN YOU SEE A HAPPY Huddle LIKE THAT ONE, YOU CAN BE JUST AS SURE THERE'S A COPY OF BIKE COMICS AT THE BOTTOM OF IT!



GET YOUR COPY OF
"BIKE COMICS" AT YOUR
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRE
DEALER'S TODAY.
IT'S FREE!



HEY, LOOK--A FULL-LENGTH ADVENTURE... CAPTURING BANK ROBBERS!



WAIT'LL YOU MEET KNUCKLE-HEAD--HE NEVER DOES ANYTHING RIGHT!

TERRY'S MY FAVORITE... WOTTA SELLING JOB HE DOES ON POP!



LOOK FOR THIS SIGN IN YOUR
BIKE DEALER'S WINDOW



U.S.
BIKE TIRES

America's Fastest Selling Tires



UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY
Serving Through Science